

THE AMERICAN

LEGION

MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY

1941



WHEN WE ASSUMED THE SOLDIER WE
DID NOT LAY ASIDE THE CITIZEN . . . WASHINGTON
TO ACHIEVE A JUST AND LASTING PEACE
AMONG OURSELVES AND WITH ALL NATIONS . . LINCOLN





The man who makes them think of Jim . . .

On the first of every month, there's something very precious in the mailman's bag when he stops at the Wilson's little white house on Maple Street . . .

It doesn't look much different from other letters—just a plain brown business envelope—but it brings security and comfort to Jim Wilson's widow and his child.



And it brings with it memories, too . . . memories of a thoughtful, loving father who gave up small luxuries for

himself so that his wife and daughter would always have the priceless gift of independence.



Ten years ago Jim Wilson sat down with his Prudential agent and planned the protection that means so much to his widow and daughter.

Jim wasn't making a great deal of money. But he found—just as so many others have—that it costs surprisingly little to give your family the safety and security of Prudential life insurance protection.

DO YOU KNOW THIS ABOUT LIFE INSURANCE?

Q: How will The Prudential pay my beneficiary?

A: Under your Prudential Ordinary policy, you may select any one of the following ways, or leave the choice to your beneficiary.

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Cash payment in one lump sum.

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A monthly income of a definite amount continuing for life.

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Or the insurance money can be left with the company and the interest paid to the beneficiary. Withdrawal of all or part of the principal may be arranged for as desired.

The Prudential

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, N. J.



INSURANCE COMPANY
OF AMERICA

OUR AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS

"TO COMBAT THE AUTOCRACY OF BOTH THE CLASSES AND THE MASSES"

THOSE good Legionnaires who drew up the preamble to our Constitution looked far into the future when they inserted the clause "To Combat the Autocracy of Both the Classes and the Masses."

Far reaching and wise was the purpose of this aptly worded part of the document, now an established byword throughout the United States. Each day and night Legionnaires throughout the nation—sometimes in a great metropolitan area, often in a small community high up in the "sticks"—gather to recite the Preamble. Their words ring out with sincerity to all who may gather to hear. And they speak from their true American hearts when they pledge themselves "to Combat the Autocracy of Both the Classes and the Masses."

Class hatred and friction are leaders among the termites which eat at the foundation of any nation. Rabble rousers and disturbers who incite class hatred know that America was founded on the principles of justice, freedom and democracy and that they must offset these principles if their under-cover work is to be marked with any success. And they know full well that more than

Sixth of a Series on the Principles Contained in the Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion

one million Legionnaires are daily on the firing line, doing just what they are pledged to do—combat class hatred.

Former service men and women look back twenty-two-odd years and realize that the foundation of their feelings against class or mass rule and might were born in the service. Control by a privileged minority had no place in the service just as it has no place in American life. And the tyranny of the masses, be it born in wartime or in peace, also does not belong.

Americans recognize the right of the majority to prevail in this nation. They also believe in the protection of the rights of the minority and will fight for both these principles at all times. National unity, even if either side has to give a bit now and then, is their creed and they mean to stick to it.

The never ending task of combatting the autocracy of both the classes and the masses extends throughout all of The American Legion's major programs. In the Americanism program it is paramount from the work of the National Organization down to (*Continued on page 38*)

By
**WALTER
NAUGHTON**

OLD GRAND-DAD

Head of the Bourbon Family

ONE TASTE WILL TELL YOU WHY

100 PROOF

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED BY KRSU UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVT.
DISTILLED BY THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

*AMONG BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES

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The Message Center

FROM Bernard Satz, Past Commander of Earl Howe Post, Ware, Massachusetts:

"That article about Paris Post's members by Sedley Peck in the November issue (*Where Are They Now?*) sure is a masterpiece, especially to me, because—

"In July, 1929, I attended the laying of the cornerstone of Pershing Hall. It rained so hard that day I believe it was necessary to put up a canvas canopy.

"A few days before that I attended a corn roast at some hall, in company with a good many of the fellows mentioned in Peck's article. Yes, I met Lloyd Cornwall, Paul McNutt was there, and James L. McCann, who, I believe, served as a member of the color guard at the laying of the Pershing Hall cornerstone.

"Those fellows gave me and my wife a grand time. I notice that McCann is back in this country, and I wish you would say in the magazine that if he or any of the rest of that gang get anywhere near me I'll be glad to have them drop in and spend a few days."

Comrade Satz's address is Casino Theater in Ware, if any of Paris Post's

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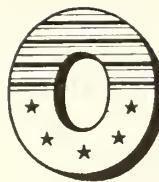
MY SON! MY SON!!

BY WALLGREN

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The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine



OURS EVER TO CHERISH



FEBRUARY, shortest month of the year, has been the most generous to the United States. In a span of eleven days are the birthdays of three of our most illustrious native sons, whose careers shaped the greatest epoch-making periods in our national history. Two of these have their natal days only ten days apart and are the only Presidents whose births are commemorated with holidays. The works of these personalities raise them like monuments of hallowed heroic height along the milestones that mark the Highway of our National Progress.

Silhouetted against the bizarre background of our national history stand the immortal characters and imperishable performances of this famous trio. Washington, winner of independence and consolidator of the Colonies into a Federated Union; Lincoln, lawyer, statesman-humanitarian, who revitalized the sacredness of our Bill of Rights and eliminated Constitutional exceptions; Edison, who gave light, and liberty from age-old, back-bending burdens, and started the United States toward its industrial leadership of the world.

These illustrious men all enjoyed that early communion with the soil, that contact which seems to teach true values, to instil respect for natural causes, and to develop that immutable logic bred by contact with life outdoors.

The first President, born of land-owning gentry, was reared in the aristocratic atmosphere of the Virginia Cavaliers. He enjoyed the advantages which the prevailing method of educating the blooded youth of the Old Dominion afforded. Lincoln and Edison were less fortunate. Both



were practically self-taught. Yet, with a meagre educational foundation, they attained unique mental eminence. Lincoln's struggle for knowledge in the backwoods country of Kentucky is an epic in the annals of perseverance. Edison, born in the small Ohio town of Milan, attended school only two months.

It was the fortune of Washington to sleep under the feather quilts of a comfortable Manor House at Wakefield, while Lincoln knew only a rude bed on the floor of a lonely log cabin. A slanting attic room in a little one-and-a-half-story brick cottage was the early contemplative sanctum of him who was later to be known as "the Wondersmith of the World."

Washington, as a child, was accustomed to colored servants, and enjoyed the social and athletic recreations of the bluebloods of those Colonial days. Lincoln and Edison, even as boys, found it

By
**JOHN F.
O'HAGAN**

Washington, Lincoln and
Edison, February's sons
whose deeds are the her-
itage of all America



necessary to struggle for an existence, one as a rail splitter in the forests of Indiana and Illinois, the other as a news butcher on a Grand Trunk Railway train running between Detroit and Port Huron. It is a coincidence that the first considerable money earned by Edison was from selling "extras" of Civil War battles, the conflict in which Lincoln was such an overshadowing figure. Then came the restlessness of youth and the wanderings that followed.

Washington as a surveyor, land-staker and hunter adventured to the remotest parts of the tractless wastes of Western Virginia and later joined Braddock's expedition against the Indians and French at Fort Duquesne. Lincoln, looking to better his condition, started his migrations West and (*Continued on page 41*)

What's new in industrial processes, household gadgets, yes, aids to the National Defense Program? If you have an idea that may help our re-armament, tell the National Inventors' Council at Washington about it. The address is given in Mr. Barton's article

GIVE your airplanes a rocket motor, and you'll increase their possible speed from 320 to 471 miles an hour and increase the pay-load by 57.7 percent.

Make your automobile bodies out of plastics and you'll have quieter and more comfortable motor cars and also greater strength and fewer sharp edges to tear the flesh in case of accidents.

work, and of finding interesting and permanent jobs for millions of new young men. We are tackling this assignment with characteristic American spunk and versatility and homespun tinkering ability.

Every phase of industry sparkles with new advances. Some you glean, in due time, from the advertising pages, which are industry's newspaper and faithful accounting to its world-of-customers. Some you hear only whispers of; the process is being perfected through long, secret hours. Like a careful housewife baking a cake, manufacturers don't open the oven door till the new invention is perfected and ready.

But if you trust those in the know, this is an exciting and a satisfying time to be alive. For your real man knows that too-great comfort spells stagnation and retrogression, both for a nation and for an individual. Your real men are sat-

That's a Great

Build your airplane fuselages out of a single block of plastics, with every screw-hole exact and ready, and you'll reduce assembly time in the factory appreciably! You'll have a lighter, safer, warmer, cleaner airplane, too.

Use cotton as a binder to make concrete highways smoother and safer, and (for the tax-payers) longer-lasting. Use vibration applied to freshly poured concrete to increase density, strength and durability.

Put your trains on rubber tires, as your modern trolleys already are.

Cheat the rats and termites by using new materials, rubber perhaps, in the foundations. And make your "rubber" out of materials already at hand, such as crude petroleum, so that no war or foreign monopoly can make us dependent as in the past upon the Far East.

Use the Klystron, which transmits electrical energy through space without wires—and does that take a bit of the lustre off your magic lamp, O Aladdin!

AND so it goes. In every factory, and in every walk of life, industrial life is bursting with useful new ideas, as a healthy chick bursts its way out of the shell around Easter time.

We are an ingenious and resourceful nation. We have created wealth and improved the living standards of the world. Now we are tackling the problem of putting millions of employable men back to

isified to be handed a challenge that demands courage and leadership. And your men-at-the-top will tell you honestly and frankly that development is far from ended yet; that improvements are possible in everything we wear and use and enjoy; that possible inventions are far from reaching the point of exhaustion.

GLASS blocks for building houses and office partitions. Glass threads for making automobile tires that are cooler and more blowout-proof. Glass thread as a new and more permanent rustproof and bugproof insulation for ice-boxes and homes.

Clothing made of new synthetic fibers. New slide-fasteners made of plastics, in color to match the cloth, and more rust-proof than metal.

Air-conditioning to fit already-built homes and offices and factories, at a price Mr. Average Man can pay.

Better lighting and cooler, brighter and cheaper, with the new fluorescent lighting devices.

A new combustion gas-turbine, now being perfected, long the engineer's dream. And new and lighter diesel engines, for buses and trucks.

Is the rear-drive automobile almost here?

In Texas a new \$5,000,000 plant is recovering magnesium from sea-water. The supply is endless. Magnesium is a metal one-third lighter than aluminum, and

may well be the airplane metal of the future.

For the home: more and cheaper inventions like the automatic washing-machine that washes and rinses and blues and dries the clothes all by itself.

In radio: new frequency modulation receiving sets that everyone can afford. In television: anything at all we customers can afford and that will work—we're not choosy because we don't yet know what to expect!

In photography: better films and more foolproof; cameras that won't break when you drop them; home-developing that can be done without a darkroom.

In music: less expensive records, and simpler automatic record-players that everybody can afford.

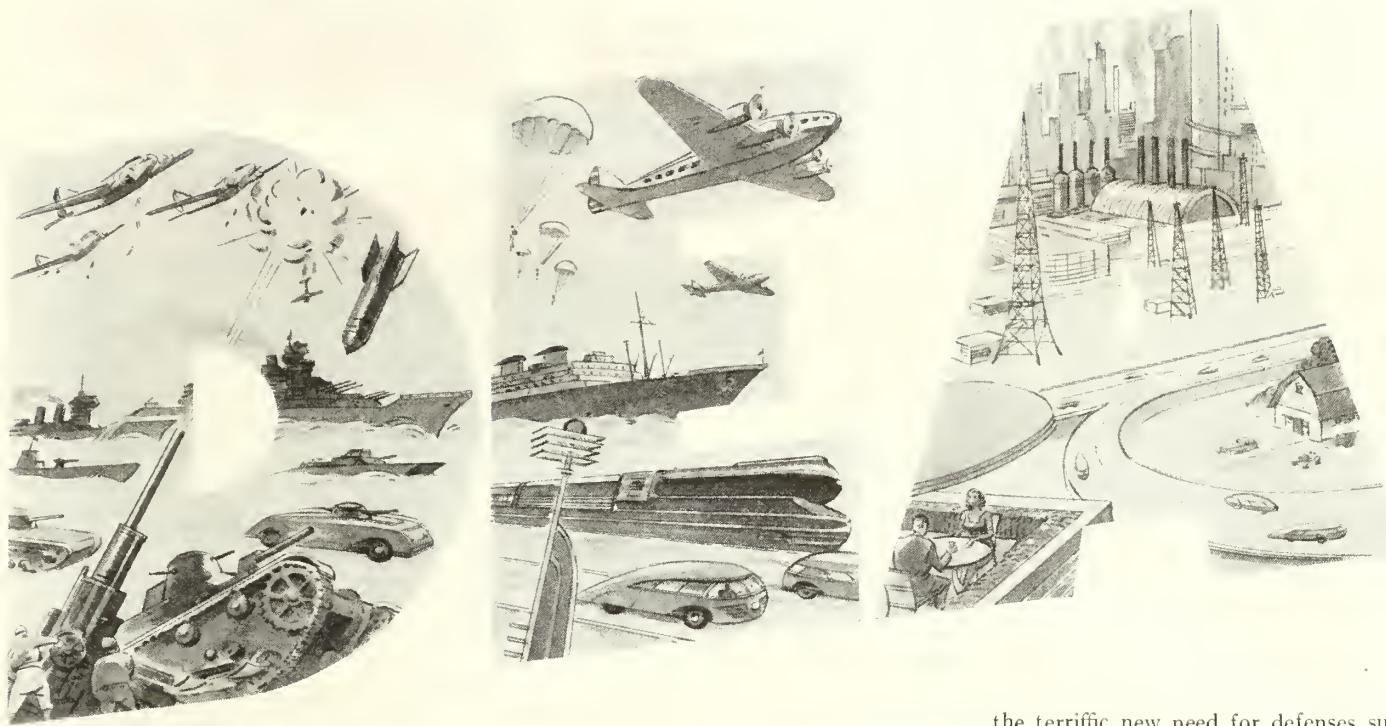
A synthetic substitute for mica for insulation.

A substance used in paints which has the qualities of both a liquid and a solid.

Plastics made from the waste products of paper manufacture. And soybean products varying from textiles to plastic automobile bodies.

THESSE things are possibilities or are, indeed, already here. A dazzling new array of gadgets and home improvements and wonder-working ideas in offices and homes and factories is offered by the nation's manufacturers. Transportation will be faster and safer, the experts promise. Foods will be more nourishing, with the newly discovered vitamins taking permanent place in warding off sickness and old age.





By

FRED B. BARTON

Metals may be stronger and lighter. A new alloy called beryllium, even when only a few ounces are used, adds new qualities of durability and toughness to a huge batch of aluminum. This country is one of the few available sources of beryllium.

A recent exhibition in New York showed over 1,000 kinds and shapes and new uses for plastics. Everything from pocket flashlights to radio cabinets, from bright red egg-beater handles to transparent bars for the lion cages in the new 1941 streamlined circus, can now be made of plastics. You can even buy a toothbrush with plastic handle and plastic bristles—no more Chinese pig's bristles to annoy the sensitive aesthete.

You have heard of new artificial rubber, now being made by several processes from materials easily available in this country. Here, experts will tell you, we have made just a start. According to Dr. Jacques Morrell, of a large oil company, producers can within a few years supply this country with more than its normal supply of rubber, plus 21 billion tons a year of T.N.T., as another valuable by-product. And all this without reducing the nation's supplies of lubricating oil and gasoline!

NOW in a lot of this you and I, as average citizens, have little or no part. Much of what industry does is so gradual that even important new inventions represent but a single logical step over what has gone before, not a wholly new brain-child of a single inventor. Few new ideas today can be simple.

Many inventions and improvements

too are the outgrowth of a factory organization, and are produced by trained experts, set to work upon a given problem in that industry, and given ample time and money and equipment to solve that problem. And a lot of inventions are highly technical. You can patent a chemical formula. Patent No. 2,223,937, for instance, recently issued to Joseph Ebert of Westmont, New Jersey, protects him and any company he may decide to license in the making of a substance called—I quote without comprehending—"p-Aminibenzenesulphonamide camphorate."

That may very well be something important somewhere; but it doesn't look like an article that any average amateur could pitch into and invent from scratch. Or make any reasonable use of, after he got it invented!

Industry has its own way of getting new inventions invented. That field, more and more, is difficult and unprofitable for the hit-or-miss amateur, for the sporadic inventor.

But there is one important new field, where even the country's experts are baffled. Baffled because they have so little experience. In an age of total war, even manufacturers of munitions and supplies that proved deadly in the World War of 1918 cannot make weapons that are powerful enough today. When bombers rain down from the air as many as a million tons of high explosives on a single city in a single night, a nation such as ours may well ponder

the terrific new need for defenses such as no human brain ever before conceived of.

ROGER SWIFT is any average American, living anywhere from Maine to California. He's a home tinkerer. He knows something of carpentry, and a little about chemistry. Exercising the great American prerogative, he has at times done some home experimenting that would have worried his wife more than it has, if Roger hadn't been wise enough to concentrate on the evenings when Mrs. Swift steps out for her weekly evening of ladies' bridge.

Roger has heard how an amateur inventor in England devised a cheap incendiary bomb that was quick and automatic. Maybe you heard about it! Take a small disc of celluloid and smear a spot of phosphorus on it—that's all you need. Kept moist in the airplane, it's safe till ready; but when dropped, it soon dries and ignites. The British fliers did considerable damage to standing crops and woods and homes in the Black Forest with this fire-spreading apparatus last fall.

Roger Swift has an idea. It may be for a more comfortable and sanitary bomb-proof shelter. Or a non-sinkable lifeboat. Or a way to blot out enemy radio broadcasts in time of invasion, to prevent mistakes and panic. Or lighter and simpler oxygen masks for fliers. Or a new medicine to cure influenza. Or anything else that comes under the broad name of defense. If a single man can release a single torpedo from a submarine that will sink a ship carrying 5,000 men, some other man ought to devise a way to intercept that torpedo and render it harmless. Or perhaps his mind runs to aviation, and he figures out a new kind of death-ray that will pulverize (*Continued on page 42*)

The Conqueror Sees the
Marvelous Induction Fur-
nace Go Into Operation

THE STEEL

The first thirty pounds of it was cast in the form of a cross



Illustrated by J. W. SCHLAIKJER

CROSS

HE HAD to be a steel man or he never could have done the thing; but more important still, he had to be a Christian. Bjursted was both. A combination not as rare as steel men might persuade you to believe.

It is not known how often Bjursted went to church. But this is known: when he poured his first heat of induction furnace steel—a tiny heat it was, just a few hundred pounds—he celebrated his great triumph in a striking manner. A mould was waiting; and the first thirty pounds of Bjursted's steel, later to be so famous, was cast into a cross. For Bjursted knew the part that steel could play in wars. And this was his way, he explained, of dedicating the product of his great furnaces to come to peace on earth. That small steel cross stood on his wife's grave many years. Until the second great war came.

No doubt of it, H. Bjursted was a Christian. And not in name alone; but, as you might expect of a steel man, one who did something about it. He did heroically about it when the second great war came.

H. Bjursted always had kept far ahead of his competitors in induction furnace practice. When rivals had improved their furnaces to a point where they were pouring eight-ton heats, Bjursted was pouring twenty. Soon, he claimed, he would be turning out his super-perfect steels in quantity to match the mighty open-hearths—heats of a hundred fifty tons. He was, in fact, completing the design of a fifty-ton induction furnace when Uber, self-named The Conqueror, gone rabid with ambition for world conquest, violated Bjursted's peaceful, friendly land.

Of all the loot obtained by this particular rape of little nations, Bjursted himself, so Uber readily admitted, was the most valuable acquisition. More to be coveted, even, than the rich, pure iron ores of Bjursted's native land was Bjursted. For he, the world agreed, knew more about the making of fine steels than any man alive.

Bjursted departed his beloved homeland to build and operate induction furnaces in the great plants of the Iron Basin, in Uberland. He was to make steel for a country which had drenched his own in the blood of innocents. So docilely he yielded, so readily he went to work for masters whom he should have been hating with an immeasurable hatred, that those who knew the man well knew a vague, faint hope. Their hopes had more foundation, though they did not know it, than mere faith in

Bjursted. For he knew all the facts about a wound that Uber had received in the first great war.

Few people knew about that wound. Uber himself did not know all about it. But of all the evils that the first great war bequeathed to men, none was so dreadful as the shrapnel wound suffered by Uber, obscure private twenty years ago. And what made it so dreadful was the fact that it had not been fatal.

Field surgeons did not operate on Private Uber, for to operate, they agreed, was almost certain death; while not to operate left one chance in ten thousand—which Private Uber grasped. He lay two weeks unconscious. Then, one day, his nurse felt eyes upon her. She turned and found her patient quite alert. "Food," he demanded. "Strength." After an unbelievably short convalescence, Uber was discharged. He was not told the details of his injury. It was thought better for the mental ease of obscure Private Uber that he did not know. The war was over now, and he went home, miraculously recovered. Tragically recovered, it might be better said. A shattered world was to find out how tragically some twenty years thereafter.

NOT six months after Bjursted had been taken to the Iron Basin plants in Uberland he had finished the erection of the most daring induction furnace ever built. In an amazingly short heating time it would turn out a hundred tons of the finest steel that could be produced—steel of such precision that it had, not long before, been made in little crucibles, fifty pounds at a time. The new induction furnace would divide the price of such fine steel by five, by ten; and multiply its rate of production by a thousand. Soon dozens, scores of giant Bjursted furnaces would be turning out murder tools for Uberland.

So vitally important was this technical development to the world-conquest of Uber that The Conqueror himself was present on the first day of the new

By

R. G. KIRK

Bjursted furnace operation in the great munitions plant in Iron Basin.

AND INDUCTION furnace is a marvelous thing. It is a fuelless, fireless, really heatless furnace. Its heat develops in the substance to be melted. But a man may stand inside an empty induction furnace, and with full melting power on, feel not the slightest harm.

The principle of an induction furnace is based on high-school physics known to nearly everyone. Move a magnet which is close to a conductor wire, and electric current is induced to flow in the wire. In an induction furnace intense magnetic fields are made to move across the charge of pig-iron, scrap-steel, ore. These fields induce terrific currents in the metal of the charge, currents so powerful that the charge is melted—just as a house fuse-plug is melted when it is made to carry an electric load too great for safety.

Before the cameras of Uberland and a group of cold-eyed technical observers, before The Conqueror himself, Bjursted stooped and stepped through one of his furnace doors. Under one arm he held, and quite appropriately for this celebration, the very first thirty pounds of steel that ever had been poured from a Bjursted induction furnace. The form of it—a cross. To show the power of his newest furnace he would melt down first of all, not a hundred tons of metal, but something far more difficult—one single little piece of steel. Bjursted had cast that little piece of steel to dedicate the product of his brain to a man called The Prince of Peace. And now that casting was to be melted (*Continued on page 35*)



Thousands of state highway bridges in the United States which are vital to our national defense speed-up are in need of repair or rebuilding. How about those in YOUR State?

THE crack mechanized units of the Third Army were rolling along through Texas, last spring, and for a while everything went fine. They were a relatively small force, as armies go these days—70,000 troops and 5,000 motorized units. Their heaviest tanks weighed only ten tons, their heaviest gun the moderate-size .155 howitzer.

As further assurance of trouble-free operations, the State of Texas had just expended \$70,000 to patch up roads and structures throughout the limited area in which the war games were to be held.

For a while, everything clicked along on schedule. Then gradually, under the steady crush of the caravans, pot holes began to speckle the blacktop roads. The edges of narrow roads unraveled, poorly drained shoulders crumbled away. And finally the

haul supplies in large semi-trailer vans; and Mr. Simons was told by a base depot officer that the big transports proved distinctly superior to the small Army supply trucks and will probably play a major part in future military movements.

One semi-trailer hauled as much as



REBUILD THOSE BRIDGES

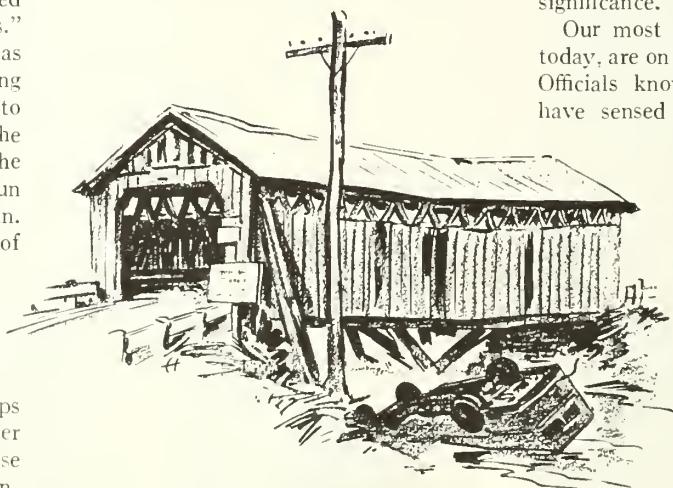
growling mechanized outfits met up with weak and narrow bridges.

In many cases the structures were totally inadequate and the highway department built detours around them; these detours, the department noted later, "became impassable during rains." The remaining bridges were almost as bad—in one case a gun crew, bowling down the highway, had to slam down to a stop at a flimsy bridge, uncouple the gun from the towing truck, ease the truck across the bridge, push the gun across by hand, then couple up again. For a single crew this meant a delay of several minutes; you can imagine how it would have piled up a hurrying column twenty, forty, maybe sixty miles long.

During maneuvers in other areas it has often been necessary for tank corps to halt at a bridge, and then proceed over it very slowly, one tank at a time. These were the Army's light eight-to-fifteen-ton tanks. Our "medium" tanks, on order, will range from fifteen to thirty tons. Our "heavy" tanks will exceed thirty tons.

Charles E. Simons, editor of *Texas Parade* and a close observer of the Third Army maneuvers, points out that tanks and guns are not the only big loads to be reckoned with in military movements. Prior to its Texas-Louisiana games, the Third Army contracted with an independent highway transport company to

By
DAVID V. CLEARY



could eight Army trucks, thus requiring fewer drivers, reducing the service problem, and saving time. But the big transports had trouble with the bridges—and these bridge troubles, it will be seen later, could be duplicated in thousands of other localities, in almost every State.

So here we are, with tens of millions of dollars' worth of mechanized equipment coming up, and a lot of bottleneck bridges to clip its efficiency even

before it's delivered. We motorize and mechanize the Army to give it greater mobility—to enable it, in the words of old General Forrest, "to git thar fustest with the mostest men." We call mobility the first principle of military success, and European developments give us vivid verification; but a mechanized force is mobile only as long as it has good roads and bridges to travel over. It will be remembered that Hitler built his famous autobahns before he began to strike at his neighbors' borders.

Perhaps now, in the interest of national defense, we'll do something immediately constructive about our bottleneck bridges.

Until now, they haven't commanded much publicity.

Every newspaper got excited some weeks ago when a high wind spanked away the center span of the Tacoma Narrows Bridge, third longest suspension span in the world. This was big news, shocking news. And yet nobody was killed, or even in-

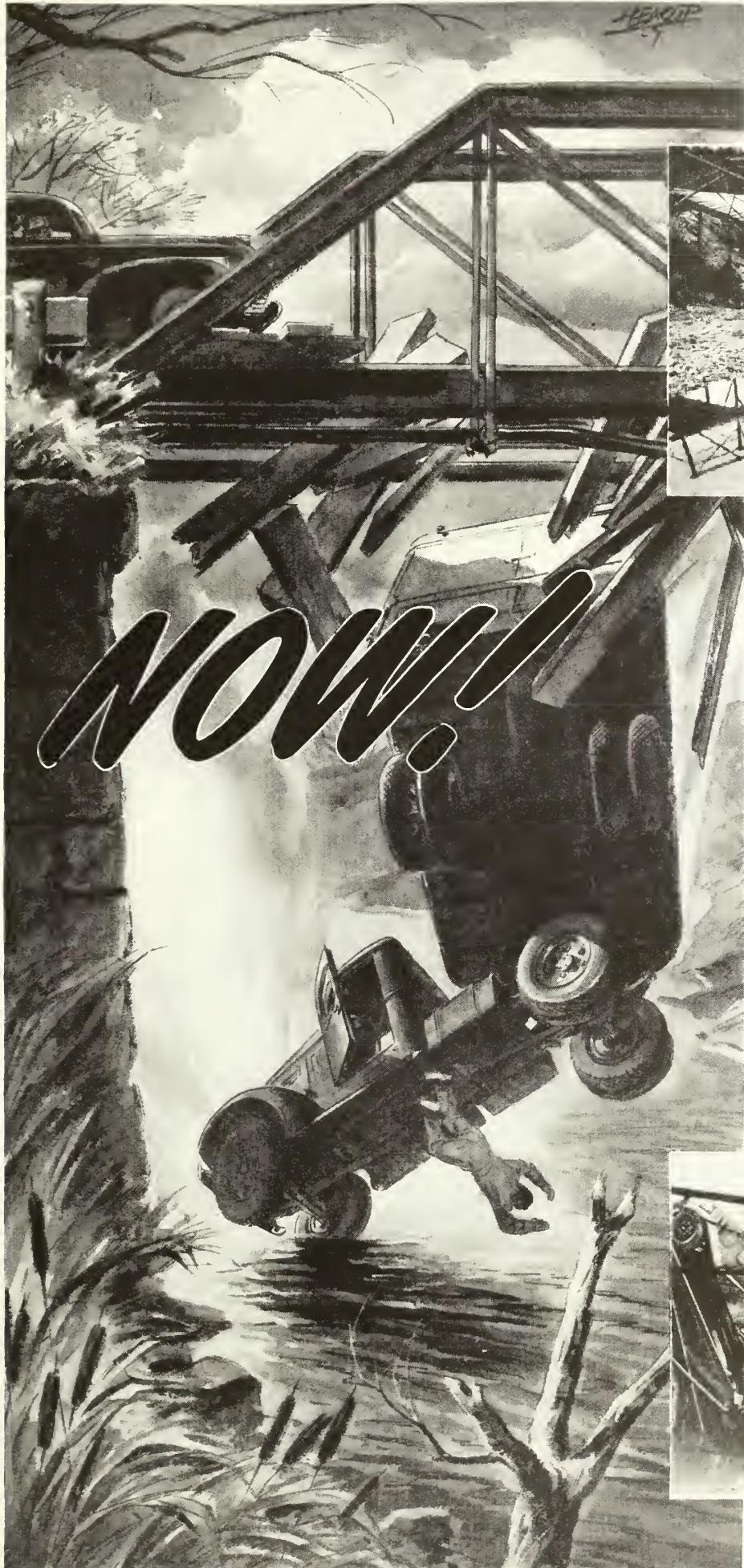
**Illustrated by
WILLIAM HEASLIP**

jured, in the Tacoma Narrows accident. And as far as money is concerned—the price of replacing flimsy bridges on the county roads of any single State would make Tacoma repair costs fade into insignificance.

Our most spectacular bridge dangers, today, are on unspectacular little bridges. Officials know this; average motorists have sensed it. But we haven't done much about our inadequate bridges, because there was usually some alibi to justify their existence or to excuse their failure.

In recent times an old truss bridge collapsed, killing one, injuring five. The bridge had a fourteen foot roadway (*each lane*, on a modern highway, is at least twelve feet wide), but officials pointed out that two cars were speeding on the bridge at the same time. One car collided with a truss, then collided with the second car. Plainly, one of the drivers was to blame.

A truck failed to make a sharp turn, at the approach to a bridge, and hit one of the end posts. As the bridge fell, the truck rolled over on a touring car, crushing its three occupants to death. The truck driver, his two companions, and five pedestrians on the bridge escaped



The floor of the old bridge gave way, the truck dropped forty feet to the river, killing the driver and his helper



with little or no injury. Clear roadway width of the bridge was only nineteen feet, and its alignment was treacherously bad. But still it was the truck driver who caused the accident (and he was later sued for it).

Many other bridge crashes would be just as ugly, were it not for the fact that luck seems to favor our obsolete bridges. Newspapers told, for example, how an old timber bridge collapsed suddenly in a midwestern town with nobody on it. The previous day, a funeral procession of a hundred cars or more had passed over that bridge.

Fred Kellam, Engineer of Design for the State Highway Commission of Indiana, tells of some other strange ones. "In one instance," he says, "an automobile skidded and struck the side of a truss bridge, damaging a truss, wrecking the car, and injuring its occupants. While police officers were investigating the accident, a loaded bus crossed the bridge at high speed and disappeared down the road, leaving the bridge to collapse slowly under its own weight.

"In another (*Continued on page 52*)



ICEOATING is the king of winter sports!

All set, you clutch the cockpit rail for dear life as the eerie whine of the steel-bladed runners rises into a roaring chatter. The wind whistles through the steel-wire rigging and forms beads of ice in your eyes. Clouds of loose snow blow high behind; then on a stretch of glare ice, the pilot manages a puff of wind by heaving hard on the mainsheet. Responsively, the white-winged iceflier careens and lifts the windward runner high off the ice, making your heart jump, and sending ripples down your spine. You may actually be going 120 miles an hour.

Above the clamor of the runners, the resounding boom of the ice is heard. Ahead a treacherous "heave" stretches across the ice-crusted lake, barricading the distant shore. Crash into the piled-up ice floes or glide over them?

Swerving short of the heave, missing open water by inches, the adroit skipper levels his craft with a graceful swoop and all runners grind again. Sails slat and filled with wind again, the craft is off toward clear ice before you know it: As break-neck speed is resumed, the tears you've wiped dry freeze the eyeballs again, and reddened cheeks sting.

Such is the sport ice-conscious Legionnaires in the

The old fashioned Marcia the First, sails aslant, runners shaving ice. At right, below, Marcia the Second, largest front steerer ever. She can negotiate 120 miles an hour

FASTER THAN THE

By

J. JULIUS
FANTA

northern tier of States relish. In Wisconsin, where iceboating reigns supreme, the fleets are large and ultra-modern, pioneering the latest innovations and setting the pace for American iceboating. One of the salient reasons for this is the active part taken by Legionnaires in developing the sport.

Back in 1931 when Starke Meyer, of Milwaukee, introduced the first front-steering iceboat, O. Lyman Dwight, a member of Alonzo Cudworth Post of Milwaukee, took an active part in perfecting the new type. Dwight was a veteran yachtsman, on water and ice, even at that time, having sailed the 250-square-

foot *Marcia I*, of the old type, for many years. After assisting in the development of the first front-steerer, Dwight went much farther to make it safe and practical to sail the new type in its largest proportions.

He designed and set up on Pewaukee Lake, Wisconsin, the largest front-steerer in existence, *Marcia II*. She is forty feet long, with a span of twenty-four feet and 350 square feet of sail. The cockpit is perched in the backbone, as in the fuselage of an airplane. So that the craft could be steered with a wheel, Dwight installed an ingenious mechanism to handle the craft by remote control, because the rudder is farthest forward. The entire craft is built of airplane spruce, and its golden finish gleams in the sun. To minimize weight and increase speed, all timbers of the craft are built hollow, like the bones of a bird.

First of all, let's explain the why and wherefore of the new type. For more than 100 years, iceboats were always steered with the rudder, or steering runner, in back. A rear-steerer is the Hudson River type, developed after the Revolutionary War on the Hudson River, where iceboating was extremely popular until ice-breakers plowed open the channel in recent winters.

The Hudson River type, even as the front-steerer, is essentially a cross-shaped affair, with a side runner at each end of



the traversing runnerplank. The third runner is the rudder in back, which pivots and is controlled by a tiller reaching into the cockpit. The mast, supported just ahead of the runnerplank by cable guys, spreads the sail, whose area is always proportionate to the hull size.

The rear-steering type is dying a slow death. First, because of its tendency to spin, and also the fact that it slows down when the craft hikes, or rears up. The front-steerer, eliminating these tendencies, has already almost entirely replaced the old type in racing. With the rudder forward, instead of in back, the front-steerer can't spin. When this type hikes in strong winds, it goes faster and faster, instead of slowing down.

Dwight tuned up the *Marcia II* and raced her successfully on Pewaukee Lake, twenty miles west of Milwaukee, where the 1941 Northwestern Ice Yachting Association regatta was to be held shortly after January 15th. Its racing fleet, coming from Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan squadrons, numbers about fifty craft. They compete in four classes, the largest division in

numbers consisting of the smaller craft in size, the tiny skeeters. Skeeters are usually fifteen feet long and the least expensive of racing iceboats. Sometimes they are faster than craft many times their size, in light breezes.

Perhaps the most prominent figure in American ice-



Debutante the Third, which John D. Buckstaff sailed to a record 124 miles an hour in 1922. Inset, Legionnaire Buckstaff in sailing togs.

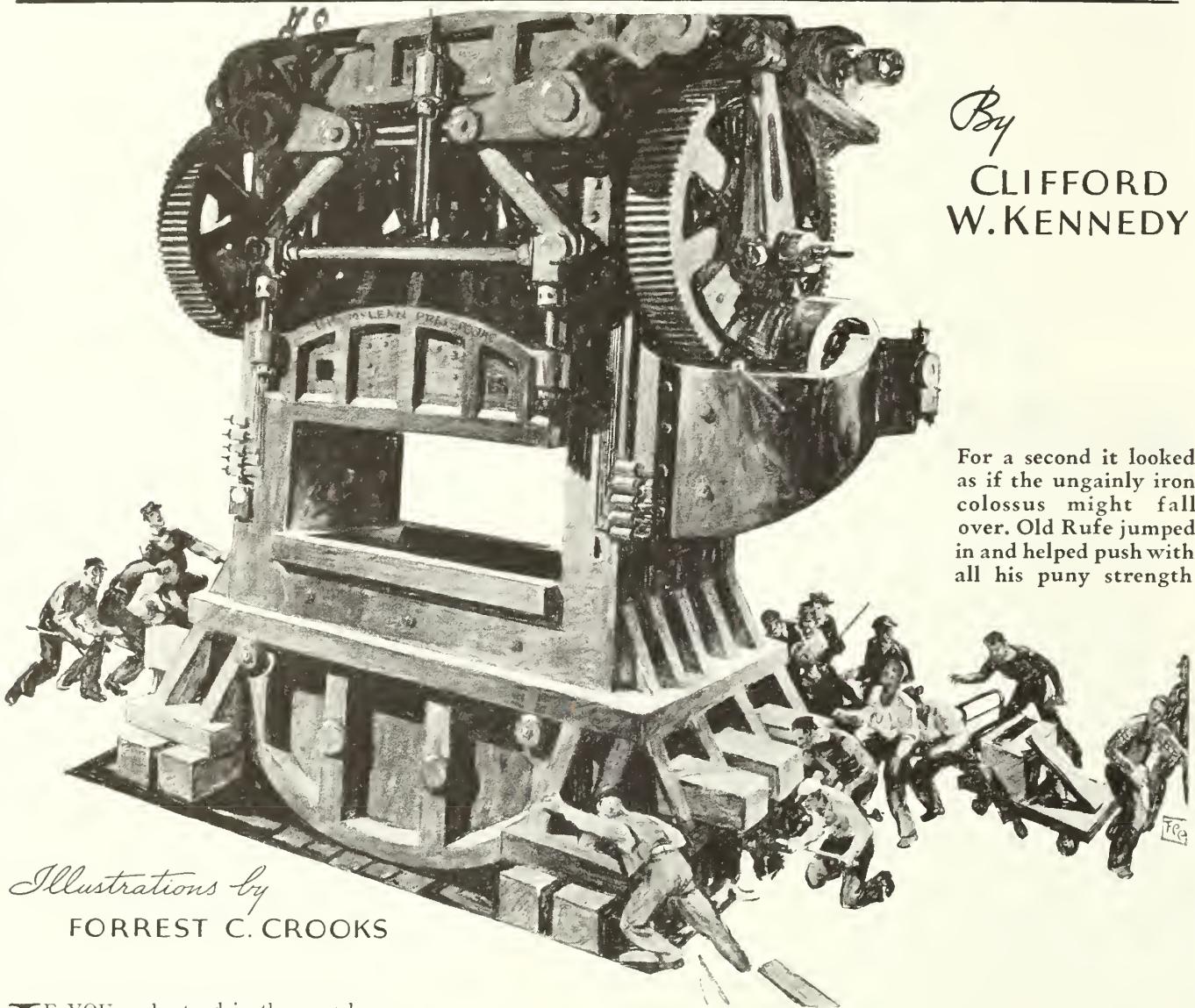
assignment when placed alongside some of the spine-jarring thrills he has experienced in 35 years of iceboating.

Buckstaff's name is synonymous in challenges with the International Iceboat Challenge Cups. In 1914 he was to make his debut in International matches with the brand new *Debutante III*, which had just arrived from her famous builder, George E. Buckhout, of Poughkeepsie, New York. But the war intervened and the challenge, in behalf of the Oshkosh Ice Yacht Club, to race the demon *Wolverine* for the International Stuart Cup, was deferred until 1922. Buckstaff outsailed the "unbeatable" *Wolverine* hands down, sweeping the series on Gull Lake, Michigan, and claimed a new world's speed record besides. Bucky, as he is (*Continued on page 36*)



boating is John Buckstaff, a member of Atley H. Cook Post, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Buckstaff will bring his *Bluebill III* from her native Lake Winnebago to Pewaukee Lake to race in Class A, the great 350 square-footers. Buckstaff was in naval aviation during the last war, but his air service he regards as a tame

Skinning the Cat...



Illustrations by
FORREST C. CROOKS

IF YOU understand in the very beginning that Rufus Stuedeman prized his word above everything else in the world, not forgetting his daughter of course, you can better appreciate why he's limping now and what Roger Kelsey undertook on a recent winter week-end, just about a year after he came to Stuedeman Pressed Steel.

When Old Rufe made a promise it became more than a basis for expectation; to him it was a downright contract, a pledge, a declaration of intentions closely akin to an oath. After his wife was taken, back there some ten years, he emerged from the tragedy generally a mite cantankerous and unyielding as a plug gauge over this matter of integrity, this hidebound idea of keeping an agreement —written, oral or implied—without compromising even a ten-thousandth.

As for the daughter Elsie, she was grown up to where she had voted once or

twice and to where, being the image of a lovely mother, she set that achy spot under the thick hide and hair of Old Rufe's chest throbbing every time he looked at her.

Don't think he pampered her. He treated her much the same way he handled his machines; put on them every blessed gadget a man could think of or find to improve performance and then he'd neglect them, to all outward appearances, and trot from place to place around two acres of press shops, hands in pockets, abstracted, a concentration line between his eyes. Apparently he'd not be noticing a thing. But he could hear a belt slipping clear across the shop, or a reject crumpling under a die; he could see sloppy work through the back of his head. Furthermore, a wise guy got no second chance at Rufe's presses—or his girl.

He knew of course when Roger first met Elsie and that they began to hit it off pretty steadily together. And when, somewhat to his consternation, Dad Rufus discovered a graduation picture of Roger plumb in the center of her dresser at home, the little he had to say sounded tart enough to blister. "I suppose you want my okay on that order," he grunted, waving a blunt hand at the photograph. "Well, take your time. I'm not denying he comes from a first-rate house, but he's got to make good on his own here or out he goes. So don't get in too deep."

It might be said Roger's dad put the first college man in Stuedeman's factory, though Old Rufe's way of getting things done contributed. When a piece of equipment had his mechanical gang fooled, you'd see him doff his coat, dive in head-

By
CLIFFORD
W. KENNEDY

For a second it looked as if the ungainly iron colossus might fall over. Old Rufe jumped in and helped push with all his puny strength



long, and stick to it, lathered in grease from top to toe, until the machine performed the way it should. If sales hit a slump, he'd pack a few samples and a clean shirt in an old black bag and hop a sleeper. He managed one way or another to barge past receptionists and other office impedimenta until he landed in front of the only desk where the order he wanted could originate.

One time he had inquired about Ajax Coach and Truck. "They farm out a sweet slice of pressed steel business," Rufus' sales manager admitted. "But the only way you can get an order is to reach Paul Kelsey, their president."

Without further comment Old Rufe left town on another trip. It took three hours of stubborn contriving to reach Kelsey, but then he stayed over a day and a night. He started off insulting an order out of Kelsey and wound up by making him the best friend he ever had. Later, returning Rufe's visit, Kelsey mentioned Roger. "The worst thing in the world for a kid is to have to work for his dad," Kelsey had confided after he had seen with his own eyes the way Old Rufe ran his business. "So I wish you'd take him with you. He's a good youngster, but he'll turn out a whole sight better man after you're through with him, Rufus."

Old Rufe took Kelsey's remarks seriously. He put Roger in maintenance because he figured that Roger could do the least harm there at first, but he'd no more let him alone than he'd quit picking on a hang-nail. Rode him every chance he got, peeled his hide over nothing at all, wore Roger's shoes and disposition thin hauling him up on the mat. While it's true Roger possessed a debonair manner and a ready use of words and a careless way of wearing shop clothes that only left him handsomer, don't get the idea he needed much hazing. He would have been the first to admit that most of what he

knew he had learned at Tech. He realized too he was there in a way as hostage for Ajax business, and, had he been a different breed, he might have let the job carry him. But Roger needed no subsidy; he aimed to shine from his own candle-power, not from the reflected luster of the elder Kelsey, to make his own score, to keep playing somehow till he could trump every badgering trick the Old Man flipped on the table.

Unbeknownst to Roger, Mars was dealing the hand from which he'd lead his ace. Already Ajax had Stuedeman Pressed Steel out of wind keeping up with truck changes, but then Kelsey let himself into an order of army tanks. Not little whippets or tin-can tractors but a long row of these armor-plated land battleships that roar and clank rough-shod over any sort of terrain or obstacle their noses are pointed at, and the War Department wanted the first batch in no time at all. You can't really train the Guard or drafted men with papier maché draped on jalopies.

So a pair of Ajax designers came on again, parked themselves in Stuedeman's office, and spread a sheaf of drawings under his nose. The things they wanted done to a sheet of steel thicker than wall board and wide and long enough, it seemed, to close in a summer

camp were so revolutionary even Old Rufe backed water for a minute. They had one tricky combination for moulding the firing turret that was a cinch on paper, but to translate it into steel meant a whole new catalogue of tricks in massive tool design. It meant buying the biggest presses Rufe ever thought of. It meant . . .

Old Rufe's cogitations were interrupted by long distance 'phone, by Paul Kelsey wanting Rufe, by Kelsey wanting to know moreover when did Rufus think he could ship the first carload of turrets.

Old Rufe's stubby fingers tore up through his gray thatch. "How soon you got to have 'em?" he growled.

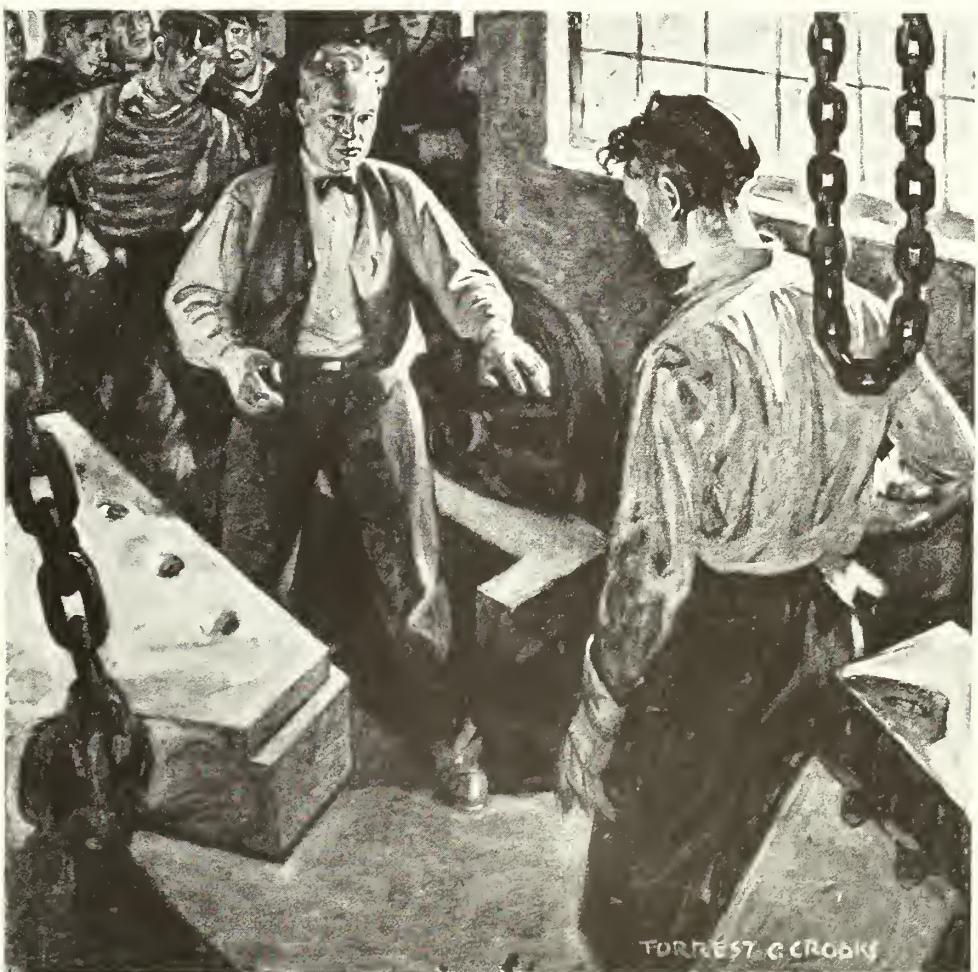
"New Year's week-end," Kelsey returned promptly.

Rufe grabbed for a pencil and his calendar. Mumbling aloud like a school-boy doing sums, he counted off the intervening weeks and cast about for ways of meeting Kelsey's bogey. Finally he jabbed the point of his pencil savagely into the calendar. "Wish that fool Kelsey'd be reasonable," he muttered disgustedly, "two weeks a running."

"Eh? What's that?" Kelsey shot over the wire. "I didn't hear you, Rufus."

"I haven't said anything—yet," Rufe shouted back. He'd no more admit talking to himself (*Continued on page 54*)

"You running this show?" the old man asked, his voice unmistakably belligerent



MARS and the MAPLE LEAF

IT WAS a most congenial event, when Canada took over her share of the fifty obsolete destroyers given by the United States in exchange for new Atlantic bases vital to the security of our Eastern seaboard.

Prime Minister Mackenzie King swiped a spoon from the linen of a wardroom mess as a souvenir of the occasion.

As the Canadian crews took over, all watches found in the galleys freshly roasted turkeys with fixin's as a detail of equipment. American sailors sharing the repast found it possible as guests to sample rum-rations, a thing forbidden by our own navy regulations.

Canada's Jack Tars, who had no difficulty comprehending the technicalities of the Yank version of such gadgets as depth-bomb releases, torpedo tubes, deck guns, signaling apparatus and propulsion machinery, stood baffled before other strange refinements—electric coffee percolators and washroom outlets for electric razors.

The boys of the Maple Leaf navy, accustomed to ship's hammocks for sleeping, looked askance at bunks neatly made with clean sheets.

If there's a meaner or colder stretch of tall water in common use than the North Atlantic, old sailors are yet to hear of it. Yet, and this is a Canadian reflection from British disdain of central heating, no sooner had the Canadian Jack replaced the Stars and Stripes than the unbearable steam-heat system was turned off, and for good.

The lean-jawed Canadian officers, accustomed to standing watch on open bridges of their most modern destroyers, marveled at the luxury of enclosed bridges which this winter are protecting them from the lashing gales off the Arctic.

Though of greatest importance, the transfer of destroyers is but one phase of American-Canadian defense collaboration. Much more extensive and over a far longer period has been coöperation in the vital phase of air defense. We have made other helpful contributions—the recent turning-over of a hundred obsolete tanks, for instance—but a point

Royal Canadian Air Force trainees and a few of their training ships. At right, some of the R.C.A.F. Yanks

all American World War veterans should appreciate is that American assistance to our Canadian cousins is not a one-sided affair.

Beyond Canadian contributions in being and in prospect for better defense of the United States, Canada really represents a buffer state for our own greater national security. Threat of direct air attack from enemy bases on the European continent happily remains in the remote future. Fleets of trans-oceanic bombers are for the moment a fantastic dream. Our probable enemies lack sufficient aircraft-carriers for effective air attack even if military efficiency of mobile air bases had not been cast in doubt by recent events in Europe.

Our new air and naval bases in the Atlantic made available to us in return for war equipment guarantee our security from an enemy seizing such bases to attack us. Military air authorities are not losing any sleep over fear of great enemy air bases be-

By
**SAMUEL
TAYLOR
MOORE**



ing established and supplied in the jungles and mountains to our south. If there exists any real and immediate threat from the air to the United States we must look to the north. It is these very real considerations which make Canada our buffer state.

Canadian troops now are guarding Iceland, keeping surveillance over Greenland, most logical immediate intermediate bases. Canada's airplanes and warships, supplemented by those of the Royal British Navy, are patrolling the North Atlantic while our own naval strength is largely concentrated in the Pacific. It is Canada's present responsibility to prevent any enemy from establishing bases within striking distance of the United States.

And it is to her great credit that by either word or deed Canada has not sought to tell this obvious truth to Americans. There is no war propaganda bureau in the Dominion. Her ministers do not make speeches aimed at the ears of United States citizens. She is too concentrated on her own contribution to the war. That attitude was epitomized by the recent address of a ranking air officer to a graduating class of pilots: "We've got a big job to do and you probably want to get at it," he said. "It won't be done by too much talking."

We are apt to forget that Canada is not only our best good neighbor at the moment, but that she has long been our best customer. In her imports in peace years she buys from the United States six times what she buys from all other foreign countries. In exports we also happen to be Canada's best customer. In peacetime, we have an excess of exports to Canada over imports of more than one hundred million dollars. With the dislocations of war, Canada has bought from us in the last year a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of war goods alone.

World War American tanks en route to Canada to help mechanized division soldiers get the feel of things



Beyond such trade advantage our economic ties are so intertwined as hardly to be separable. The backbone of her industry is American-financed. Subsidiaries of America's own industrial giants are everywhere throughout the Dominion, far in excess of British subsidiaries. American industrial plant organization, largely built in the post-World War period, is the major key to Canada's present industrial war contribution. Canadians ride in the same kind of automobiles as we do. They see the same movies. They largely listen to the same radio programs. With much the same interests and ideals we are together regarded as North Americans. Kipling's famous lines,

Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own

no longer accurately describe Canada's political status within the British Empire.

In the post-World War years it has evolved from a British self-governing Dominion to the status of a member-state equal to the United Kingdom and possessed of sovereignty in external as well as domestic affairs. She independently declared war against Nazi Germany, not in bowed-knee assent to a policy of the Empire, but beyond the moral values involved, in the knowledge that if England fell, her own 11,000,000 people would have small chance of repulsing a ruthless invader possessed of an unparalleled war machine.

I make this point of Canada's war position not only because it is akin to the logic of our own position in a peace which would be endangered by enemy occupation of the Dominion, but also to make a political distinction between Canada and Great (Continued on page 46)

Navy dive bombers from the United States being delivered up north. At top, type of Canadian destroyer





big boy," said the busy soldier who had the job of passing out the shoes.

"Take a look, brother," replied the candidate for fifteens, not blushingly, but with the air of a man who, having gone in for big feet, challenged all comers to beat his size. One glance at the length of the pair of canal boats he was wearing and their breadth of beam left no doubt he was telling the truth.

Size 12 was the limit in stock. So far as known there was not a fifteen in all the army reception centers of the United States, none in all the millions of shoes Uncle Sam was making for his new Army. But if Uncle had a soldier who wore fifteens he should have fifteens. An order would be sent to Boston to have some fifteens made.

Meanwhile the giant felt that he was entitled to a pair of army shoes at once. How could he be in the Army without them? He was served with a pair three sizes too small, which

AND WORTHY OF THEIR

Sires

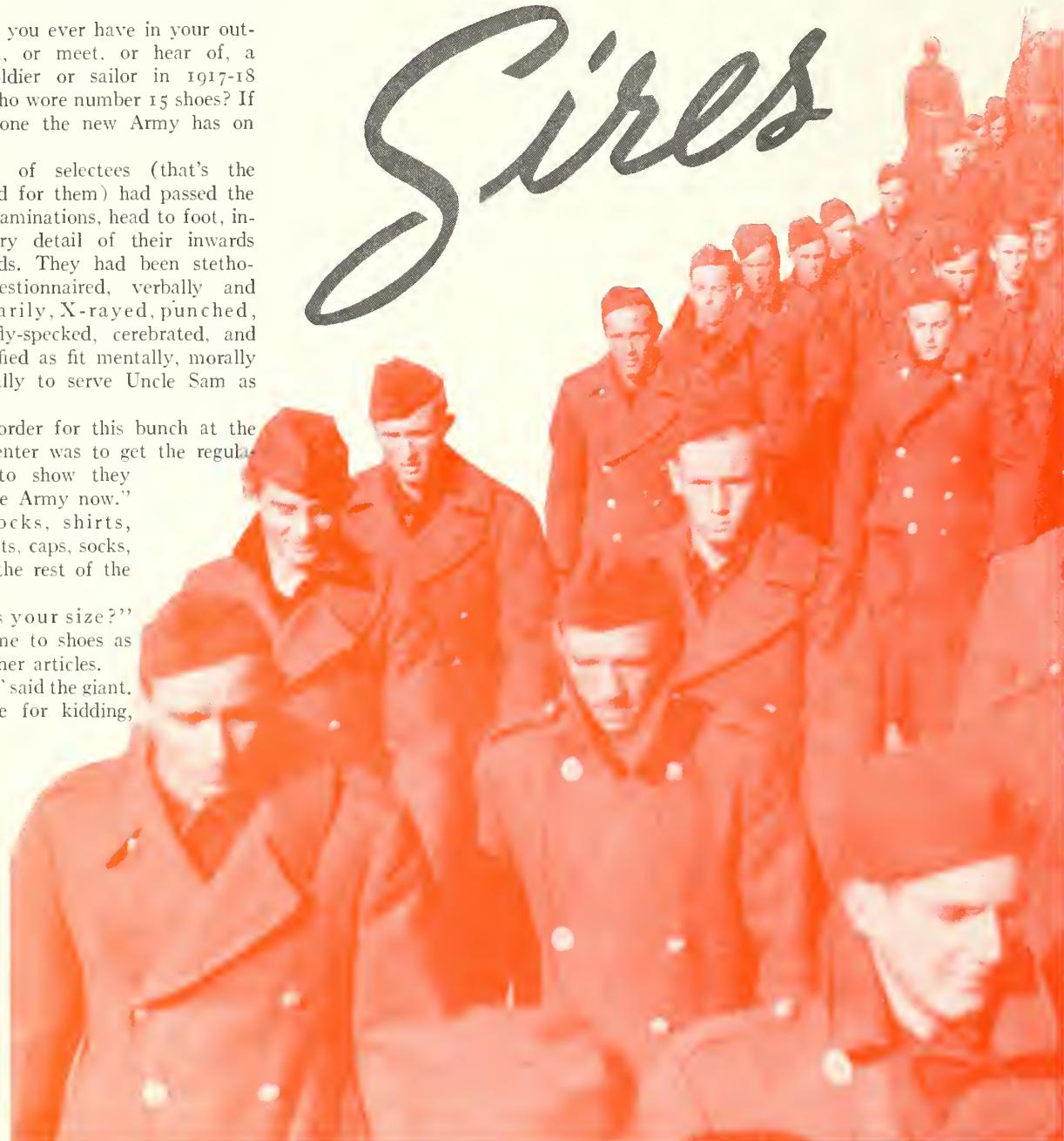
DID you ever have in your outfit, or meet, or hear of, a soldier or sailor in 1917-18 who wore number 15 shoes? If not, that's one the new Army has on ours.

A bunch of selectees (that's the Army's word for them) had passed the gamut of examinations, head to foot, including every detail of their inwards and outwards. They had been stethoscoped, questioned, verbally and documentarily, X-rayed, punched, stretched, fly-specked, cerebrated, and finally certified as fit mentally, morally and physically to serve Uncle Sam as warriors.

Next in order for this bunch at the reception center was to get the regulation garb to show they were "in the Army now." Undies, socks, shirts, blouses, pants, caps, socks, shoes, and the rest of the long list.

"What's your size?" when it came to shoes as with the other articles.

"Fifteen," said the giant.
"No time for kidding,



he could keep under his cot to be exchanged for a pair of the right size when they came from Boston.

Taking this example as a basis some analyst, who likes to generalize, might pose the question whether American youth are growing bigger feet these days. As well might he ask if they are growing smaller feet.

After the giant came a compact youngster, with every tooth set soundly in its socket and a firm stance, who asked for a four-and-a-half. Five was the smallest in stock. This would do until a four-and-a-half was forthcoming.

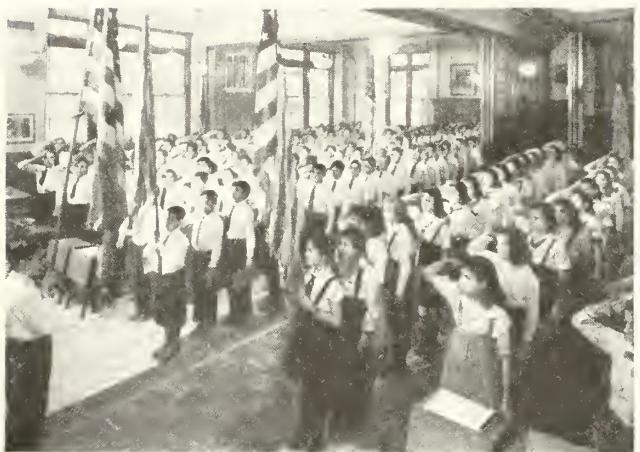
For Uncle Sam means that every soldier shall have the right fit this time. Maybe that does not matter so much to a man in a tank, but it does to the infantry as every doughboy who plugged along under a sixty-pound pack can attest.

And don't think that in the era of mechanized warfare soldiers will not have to march—but more about that later. It's the same old army shoe we knew, not built for the beauty of any fashionable pointed kind in which the compressed toes, back of an unexplored region in front, develop new corns, for more corn aches.

1917-18 to 1940-41. Then and now. Well, as we reckon up the years, we Legionnaires cannot deny that nearly twenty-four years have passed since we went to the

By
**FREDERICK
PALMER**

Every man jack has passed three highly exacting tests that make certain he's material for the service



As youngsters they learned the salute to the flag and everything that it implies

cantonments in 1917. In some of the present camps there are still buildings as reminders of past vividly-remembered scenes. You have minutes with the selectees, volunteer and draft, when it seems you had only turned over the page of time's lapse to yesterday—minutes the same now as then. And the same it is in the big human sense of camp life.

You renew your youth in the company of youth. Among the many thrills is one that no Legionnaire need feel outdated as an elder. The Legion is there in the new camps as a living, permeating force. We have set a tradition and more. The example we set and the spirit of General John J. Pershing are there.

Commanding officers and the older non-coms, young in the World War, are Legionnaires. I felt at home and a person of some distinction when I was greeted with "I know you. You write for The American Legion Magazine." This not only by the elders, but by the sons of Legionnaires, following the path their fathers pioneered. These seemed only boys to me as their fathers seemed to elders in 1917-18.

When I said "You bet," in answer to "Do you know Wally?" I had achieved real importance.

Another thrill was in the unity I found—the unity of the four words of "For God and Country"—which we have preached and practised out of our experience until it is a very instinct of policy. This unity was being instilled into the sons of Legionnaires for twenty years before the country was calling for it in face of the emergency which led to the present vast preparedness program.

Public men sometimes wondered—not to mention the surprise of interested elements who sought to get us off the path to serve their ends—how it was we were able to keep free of partisanship of creed or politics. Now that unity has become an asset we are cashing in on it in the matter of national esteem.

In 1917 we started from scratch in a huge army in answer to a sudden call after America had declared war. In a sense the new Army of today starts where we left off in the right way to prepare for war before we are in a war. The lessons we learned can be applied. Obvious mistakes which were made then can be avoided. All youth, and the sons of the Legionnaires especially, knew better beforehand what it meant to be "in the Army now." So we ought this time to make a better Army than we did in 1917-18 under our handicaps, but that is a challenge which it will take some doing to meet in the memory of our achievement in France.

Such are some of the thoughts which occurred to this old timer—occurred to me in the minutes when it seemed that I was only turning back the pages to yesterday—occurred to me in minutes when I was fully aware of the passing of twenty-odd years in the changes of the methods of warfare.

But back to the changes in clothes as a start in the differences and contrasts between then (*Continued on page 38*)

**EVEN IN DEATH
THEY WOULD NOT LET
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
REST**

CRIMINAL annals record few exploits as bizarre as the plot thwarted by Secret Service agents of the United States Government sixty-two years ago when they prevented the attempted theft of the body of Abraham Lincoln from its tomb in the outskirts of Springfield, the capital city of Illinois.

The daring plan to spirit away the body of the sixteenth President of the United States in June of 1876 was conceived by a gang of counterfeiters, headed by one "Big Jim" Kinealy. Their purpose was twofold—collection of a fat ransom for return of the body and the release from prison of a previously captured member of the gang whose skill as an engraver was sorely needed to continue successfully their illegal operations.

For many years "Big Jim" and his satellites had plied a profitable business in the manufacture and passing of spurious currency. Counterfeit bills, known to be the handiwork of this gang, had appeared throughout the entire country. "Big Jim's" cleverness and luck eluded every effort to apprehend him and his accomplices while the financial returns from their depredations reached rich proportions.

All went well until the arm of the law managed to reach out and gather in a single member of the gang; and, ironically enough, the most indispensable of all. It was Ben Boyd, the master engraver, whom the Government collared and put safely behind prison bars for a long term.

With his engraver gone, "Big Jim" was seriously handicapped. He combed the underworld for someone who could replace Boyd; but he searched in vain. Then it was decided that Boyd must be released from jail—but how? An out-and-out prison break was impracticable since it involved too great a risk. "Big Jim" realized the necessity of a more subtle method to achieve his ends.

After much deliberation Kinealy had a fantastic inspiration. The gang would steal the body of Abe Lincoln from the tomb where it had lain for eleven years. With the body of the Great Emancipator in their possession, "Big Jim" sensed it would be a simple matter to



Rendezvous

negotiate with the Governor of Illinois for both a ransom and Boyd's freedom.

During the month of March, 1876, "Big Jim" put his plan into action. Taking five of his cohorts he quietly left their Chicago headquarters and went to Springfield and opened a saloon and dance hall. Kinealy masqueraded the men as bartenders. Soon everything was in readiness. That this first attempt did not succeed then was due to one of the gang, itself. This worthy, his tongue loosened by drink, was indiscreet enough

to boast to a woman acquaintance that he was going to get rich quick. He even went on to reveal details. He would, he said, be out in Oak Ridge Cemetery on a certain night of the next month "stealing Old Abe's bones" and later burying them beneath a bridge spanning the Sangamon river a few miles north of Springfield.

Be it said to her credit, the woman scurried to the local police with the story. She also confided her "secret" to several of the townspeople. Quickly

By

KING V. HOSTICK



The gang pried off the huge marble lid of the sarcophagus of the martyred President, and partially lifted out the wooden casket

future activities would be directed. The legitimate business conducted in the front of the tavern served to cover the secret meetings in a rear room where plans were discussed for a second attempt to rob the tomb.

For several weeks an acknowledged thief named Lewis C. Swegles had been loitering around the saloon, bragging of being "the boss body snatcher of Chicago." Swegles asserted frequently and proudly that he was the chief source of supply of medical schools seeking cadavers for the dissection rooms. "Big Jim" listened and was impressed. Swegles' known record of having served two terms in the penitentiary for horse stealing proved an additional recommendation and Kinealy soon took him into the gang as a valuable assistant for the work in hand.

Finally new plans were perfected. The gang decided to break into the tomb, remove Lincoln's body from its casket, place it in a huge sack and using relays of horses, carry it to the sand dunes of Northern Indiana. Here the desolate, uninhabited lake shore would afford an ideal spot for concealing the former President's body, while the winds from the lake would quickly obliterate all traces of recent activity and any other telltale evidence. Another part of the plan the gang agreed on was to buy a copy of a London newspaper, from which a piece would be torn and purposely left on the floor of the tomb, to be found by the police. Later it would play an important part when a member of the gang approached the Governor bearing as credentials the rest of the same paper. "Big Jim" was taking no chances of some other crook hornin' in to demand (*Continued on page 58*)

at Oak Ridge

the news spread over the entire village. The townspeople formed a vigilante committee on the spot and the conspirators were forced to abandon all thought of carrying out their project. They lost no time in closing shop and fleeing from the town.

But this failure did not discourage the determination of Big Jim. It merely delayed him several months.

The scene now shifted to Chicago, where "Big Jim" was the owner of a saloon, and it was from this center that

Illustrated by
L. R. GUSTAVSON





A mule team gets balky and holds things up temporarily in the St. Mihiel drive

By
ROBERT
GINSBURGH

THE American doughboy is getting ready to sound taps for the Army mule. The old familiar bray that has echoed from the heights of Chapultepec to the depths of the Argonne, promising food and supplies to the weary, hard pressed foot soldier may be heard no more on the field of battle. The War Department, in drawing up the tables of organization for the new infantry division, has provided no place for the "lowly jughead."

Lowly, indeed, is he to those who look only at externals, to those who would scoff at an animal because "he has no pride of ancestry, nor hope of posterity." The mule is a hybrid having a jackass for a sire and a mare for a dam and except in rare instances will not reproduce.

His origins are lost somewhere in antiquity. His name does not appear on Noah's bill of lading but Genesis does speak of "Anah that found the mules in the wilderness."

In Biblical times the mule was associated with royalty. When David sent for Solomon, he said, "Let him come upon mine own mule." When Prince Absalom rode into battle, he was mounted on a mule; and it was through royalty and nobility that mule-raising became a

TAPS for

great American agricultural enterprise.

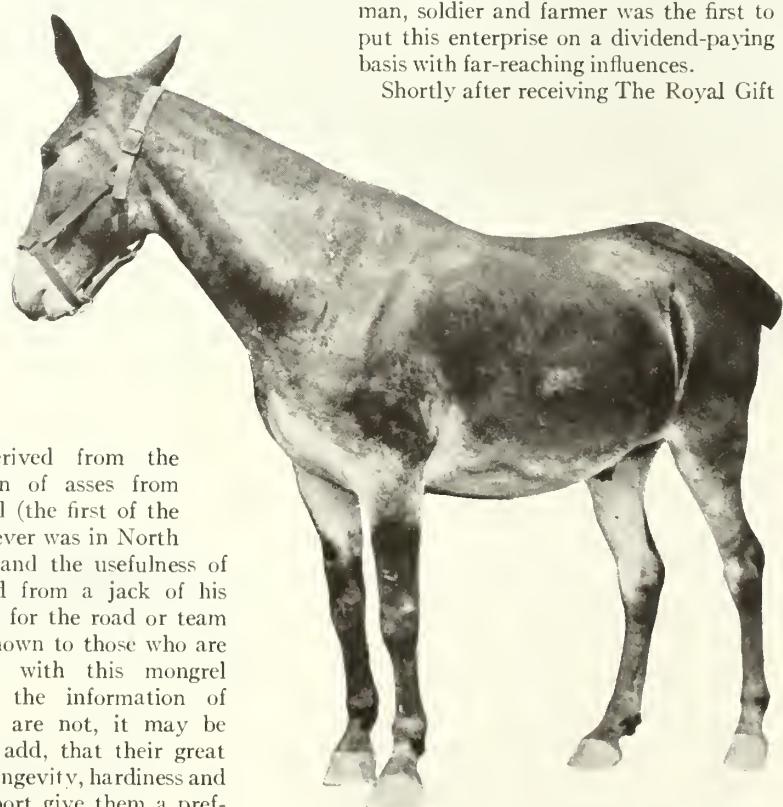
In 1785 the King of Spain presented General George Washington with a jack and a jennet. The jack was known as "The Royal Gift." On February 23, 1786, we find an advertisement in a Philadelphia newspaper, signed by John Fairfax, Overseer, offering farmers the services of this jack and extolling the virtues of the offspring. In part, the notice read:

"The advantages, which are many,

erence of horses that is scarcely to be imagined."

Thus began successful mule-breeding in North America. There had been earlier efforts. There is evidence of a jack known as Tickle Pitcher employed for breeding in Maryland as early as 1756; and there were mules in Mexico long before 1786; but the father of his country, who was a business man as well as statesman, soldier and farmer was the first to put this enterprise on a dividend-paying basis with far-reaching influences.

Shortly after receiving The Royal Gift



to be derived from the propagation of asses from this animal (the first of the kind that ever was in North America), and the usefulness of mules bred from a jack of his size, either for the road or team are well known to those who are acquainted with this mongrel race. For the information of those who are not, it may be enough to add, that their great strength, longevity, hardiness and cheap support give them a pref-



the ARMY MULE



The mules got the ammunition up where it was needed, and on time

from the King of Spain, Washington was presented by General Lafayette with a Maltese jack, Knight of Malta. This animal was bred to the Spanish jennet, and the offspring, Compound, became a famous breeding jack. He sired excellent mule stock which was in great demand by the planters of Virginia and Maryland.

Mule raising spread slowly. The first

successful enterprise west of the Alleghanies was established by Henry Clay. About 1825, he imported an Andalusian jack, Calypso, and began the breeding of the Kentucky mule. Through his son, who was in the diplomatic service in Spain, he obtained Achilles, Don Carlos, Black Hawk, Ulysses, and Warrior, all of them famous jacks in the history and de-

The jugheads do the pulling as supplies for the Rainbow Division go forward toward Rolampont, December, 1917

velopment of the great American mule.

About the same time that Clay was making Kentucky mule conscious, Missouri was getting acquainted with the animal through its relations with the old Santa Fe trail. These were Mexican mules that had come up from the Southwest. Once a Missouri farmer was shown their virtues, he insisted upon their increased use. In the 1830's mule-breeding became a serious and profitable enterprise and in time the fame of the Missouri mule spread throughout the civilized world.

When the mule was first drafted into the Army, he had to compete against the ox and the horse for the privilege of bearing the Army's burdens. With them, he shared honors in the Mexican War. It was the War between the States that set up the mule as the soldier's standby.

"Here's yer mule" was a common expression in 1861-'65 that denoted willingness to assume any dangerous duty or disagreeable burden. Generals were fulsome in their praise of the mule and toasts were actually drunk to him as the "greatest American soldier."

There is a legend in the Army associated with General Grant's familiarity with the ways of the mule. It seems that as a lieutenant he came upon an animal stubborn in its resistance to the tug, the whip and the voice of a soldier. Lieutenant Grant dismounted and talked to the mule in a language which cast most unfavorable aspersions on its paternity and on its chances (*Continued on page 49*)

Mrs. Louis J. Lemstra,
National President, The
American Legion Auxiliary



from **THE BANKS OF THE Wabash**

IT ISN'T a great stream when compared with the mighty rivers of the land and it no longer has the importance it had in pioneer days as the only avenue of transportation for the crops and goods of the territory through which it flows, but who in our country—or beyond its borders, for that matter—hasn't heard of the Wabash? Famed in song and story, historically it looms large because along its banks events transpired that directly affected the expansion and development of the entire nation.

Has anyone forgotten the heroic exploit of George Rogers Clark who, in 1779, during our war for independence, recaptured from the British the settlement of Vincennes and its Fort Sackville? Rifles and powder horns held high, they waded waist deep, shoulder deep,

through icy flood waters. A small band of less than one hundred and fifty, they plodded forward for days, warmed against the chill, fortified against fatigue, by that inner fire which sometimes inspires men to the impossible. At last they came to the banks of the Wabash and there, facing heavy odds, won a vast, rich empire for the young United States.

In the footsteps of George Rogers Clark and his tiny army followed the men and women who were to hold and develop the Northwest Territory, which

his victory at Vincennes had placed under the American flag. They, too, faced tasks that would seem impossible to us of today. To have a house on the banks of the Wabash in the early nineteenth century meant hewing one out of forest timbers. To have clothes meant raising the wool, spinning the yarn, weaving the cloth and sewing the garments without benefit of a sewing machine.

It was a wild, new land, where each family was very much on its own—a land which demanded character, which molded character—the land which forged the character of Abraham Lincoln. It was a land which rewarded well those who met its requirements of industry, vision and strong-hearted courage; which taught the value of a good neighbor and the glow of happiness which comes from extending a helping hand.

By
JOHN J. NOLL

The clearings in the forest widened. Candlelights began to gleam through the sycamores along the Wabash. One of these lights shone from the cabin of Thomas Shepherd, son of a Revolutionary War veteran, who had come over wilderness trails from Harrodsburg, Kentucky, in 1811. Fort Harrison, at Terre Haute, offered shelter from Indian raids.

The clearings joined clearings. Sturdy farm houses replaced the log cabins. Towns grew up around the landing places on the river banks. On a high knoll overlooking the fertile bottom lands of the Wabash, north of Terre Haute, Thomas Shepherd's son James built a spacious house which roared with the activities of six sons and two daughters, and became the center of hospitality for the whole country side. And the center of this home was a sparkling girl, Melissa Shepherd.

From Springfield, Illinois, not far away across the Wabash, Abraham Lincoln went to Washington to be inaugurated as President of a divided country. The winds of war again swept through the Wabash valley, calling away the boys of the Shepherd family. Melissa Shepherd found it her assignment to keep messages from home going to her brothers and cousins in the service. Messages of a somewhat different nature also went from her to a young soldier named George W. Lambert, who was not a relative.

Peace returned and men in field-faded blue trickled back into the Wabash valley. There was a wedding in the big house on the hill, and the new home of George and Melissa Lambert shone its lights through the sycamores. Into this home came a daughter, Etta Lee Lambert.

Other new homes also were founded in this valley during the war era, one the home of Jediah Rudolph Frist, who came from Delaware, where his family had lived since the days of William



Penn. A son, Jasper, helped him on his farm north of Clinton.

Wabash towns became cities. The farm boy, Jasper Frist, married the girl, Etta Lee Lambert, and established a home and a business in Clinton. Another generation, and another girl was born to inherit the sturdy traditions of the Wabash valley. They named her Enid. The forests had been cleared, and the wilderness was conquered, but the qualities which made these achievements possible were not to be wasted in Enid Frist. She was destined to lead the nation's largest patriotic organization of women during a year of great national danger.

In comfortable and happy home surroundings, Enid Frist absorbed the tolerance and optimism and good nature that are indigenous to the Hoosier State, and during her attendance in the grade school and high school of Clinton, learned of the important part her native banks of the Wabash had played in the history of her country. After completing high school, she attended the Indiana State Teachers' College at Terre Haute, and then spent a year in special study at Indiana University. Thus equipped, she became a teacher in the Indiana public schools

near Clinton, an occupation she pursued for five years.

Twice during those years, Enid Frist's path crossed those of men who have since risen to national prominence in educational fields. At the time of her graduation from high school, Orville C. Pratt, later destined to become National President of the National Education Association, was superintendent of the Clinton Schools. After she had

The National President, as a baby, posed with her mother, Mrs. Jasper Frist. Below, Enid Frist when school-age approached



advanced from the status of student to that of teacher, her superintendent was Donald Dushane, who now occupies that same office of National President of the N. E. A.

When, in 1917, America entered the World War, Enid Frist's family was not personally affected except to the extent that all Americans were. The second year, however, found her brother, Donald, in the Army, although cessation of hostilities shortly afterwards denied him any active service overseas. There was, nevertheless, plenty of work that women could do and Enid Frist entered wholeheartedly into it. She was chairman of the committee that organized the Vermillion County Chapter of the American Red Cross work in the war period and then she became ambitious to enlist for active service overseas with that organization. Notwithstanding her sound educational background, training in secretarial work was also required for the position she sought. Determined to meet that requirement, she enrolled in a secretarial school, while continuing her other activities, but the Armistice came while she awaited issuance of her passport. (*Continued on page 36*)

Below, Louis J. Lemstra, Electrician 2d Class, U. S. Navy, 1918; right, Legionnaire Louis J. Lemstra, as he appears today





A LIGHT THAT



EDITORIAL

T'WAS the night before Christmas, 1940. Darkness was over the greater part of the United States, and even on the Pacific Coast dusk was coming on apace. Carols and hymns heralding the birth of the Prince

of Peace had the right of way over the radio. Street lamps were turned on, houses lighted up.

And then, to those fortunate enough to be tuned in, this:

Will Not Fail



"This is Switzerland. I am speaking to you from Basel, the famous old city situated on the banks of the Rhine. I wish you could be here with me this evening; looking out of the large windows of this broadcasting studio located on the top of a hill, a wide panorama spreads out before my eyes. Germany lies to the North, France to the West. It is now shortly past 1:15 A.M., and across the borders, both countries are deeply submerged in an impenetrable blackout.

"But here in Switzerland, there is light. For the first time since the Swiss military authorities were obliged to enforce blackouts, an exception to this rule has been decreed, in deference to the Christmas spirit, by General Guisan, commander in chief of the Swiss armed forces. Is it not significant that this noble gesture originates in the one country left in the heart of the continent that still upholds the ideals of democracy, a democracy based on the principles of Christianity? On this anniversary of the birth of Christ, there will be lights all over the whole of Switzerland, in the home, on the street, in the trains, on the street cars, also high up on the mountains.

"It must seem queer to you for me to mention the switching on of light as an outstanding event, but unless one actually has lived through blackouts night after night and learned the depressing effect of continued darkness, only then one truly appreciates the meaning of light. We have been granted light tonight on Christmas Eve, and then tomorrow night, the blackout will be reinstated. One must have seen the destruction of war when bombs were dropped with impelling force in the blackouts on the streets of border towns during a recent air raid, destroying private property and killing four women and a child. So while driving to the studio tonight, I was frankly

grateful for the lights as they reflected on the snow covered ground and in the snow laden branches of the trees.

"Christmas trees with lighted candles could be seen in the windows of many homes, and people coming from midnight church services happily reflected the spirit of Christmas in their faces. It seemed that hope had arisen in their souls that soon light would be everywhere, not only in little peaceful Switzerland, but also in the war torn countries as well as over the whole world. With this thought in mind, let me say good night, with best wishes from all Americans in Switzerland to the folks at home—and Merry Christmas to you all. Merry Christmas!"

Thus Mrs. Senta Erd, on the National Broadcasting Co.'s "News Room of the Air," with John W. Vandercook as interlocutor.

Switzerland, hemmed in by warring nations, is determined that come what may, she will not surrender her democratic way of life. Preserving her neutrality, she perforce invokes the blackout nightly. But on Christmas Eve the Swiss dared to set their lamps agleam as a symbol of their will to keep alight the fires of freedom. "How far that little candle throws its beams . . ."

In the Western Hemisphere we have not had to resort to the blackout, thank God! We are determined to make ourselves so powerful that no aggressor will dare to trespass on this half of the world. We are speeding up our industrial-military machine, knowing that predatory powers have no hesitation in picking on softies and set-ups, but carefully sidestep those known to be tough. We'll be tough.

Thus we shall make a telling contribution to the task of keeping alight the torch of freedom, giving hope to all those now sitting in darkness.



For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War, to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness. — PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION



THAT TATTLE-TALE BABBOON

THE BALLOONY MAN'LL GET YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT

NOW, thanks to the Nassau County (New York) organization of The American Legion, police officers will not be compelled to take the word of any driver who insists that he (or she) took "only one little quickie" before getting into the old jalopy to drive away to an accident. The police department has a new gadget which—proved by all sorts of applied tests—will at any time measure to an almost exact fraction the amount of active alcohol that is percolating through any designated human system.

It is a new contribution to the Legion's nation-wide campaign for highway safety and safe driving; at least the drunkometer



purchased and presented to the police department for official use by the Nassau County Legionnaires is the first one that has been reported to this chronicler of Legion activities. But what is important is that the movement started by these safety-minded Legionnaires will spread; other police departments not already equipped with drunkometer appliances will be supplied, all of which will have a salutary, deterrent effect upon those who

try (usually with unsatisfactory results) to mix gasoline and alcohol. To all such, as a word of warning, the Step-Keeper offers a paraphrase of a very well known American poem: "The balloony man'll get you if you don't watch out."

In actual cash value the drunkometer was the least of the modern appliances presented by the Nassau County Legionnaires at a meeting held late in October. First of all, the Legion decided on the

Deed of Gift

The American Legion of Nassau County, as a contribution to the public welfare, has this 2nd day of November, 1940, presented to the People of Nassau County, the following: An Emerson Respirator, commonly known as an Iron Lung, together with all necessary attachments. An Emerson Resuscitator, together with Inhalator and Aspirator, masks and airways and two tanks. A Harger Drunkometer. * * * * *

The purpose of this gift is to make the Respirator and Resuscitator available for the use for a reasonable period by any person resident of the County upon request of any physician, and also for official use when required available it has been placed at the Headquarters of the County Police at Mineola. * * * * *

The purpose of the gift of the Harger Drunkometer is to provide a scientific means of determining the innocence or guilt of any person accused of intoxication whenever such determination is required in Police cases, and the apparatus has therefore been placed in the custody of the Medical Examiner of the County. * * * * *

This Instrument, for the purpose of transferring title to the aforesaid apparatus to the People of Nassau County, has therefore been signed on behalf of the American Legion by the following officers. * * * * *

James N. MacLean,
Chairman of the Committee
for the Purchase

Hector B. Mosher,
County Commander
V. L. Smith,
County Adjutant
James W. Branning, Jr.
County Treasurer

Deed of gift which accompanied the iron lung, resuscitator and drunkometer given by the Nassau County (New York) Legion. At left, a practical test of the booze meter

purchase of an iron lung to be made available to any person living in Nassau County on the application of any physician. A committee was organized to raise funds for that purpose; that committee was headed by James N. MacLean of Massapequa, an active Legionnaire who practices law in New York City, and an active campaign was entered into. Chairman MacLean devised several fund-raising activities, including a star polo game. (Keeping Step, November, 1940). When the returns were all in it was found that in addition to having enough for the iron lung, there was enough left over in cash or pledges to pay for a multi-purpose resuscitator and a drunkometer. Purchase was made accordingly and all three machines are now in public service.

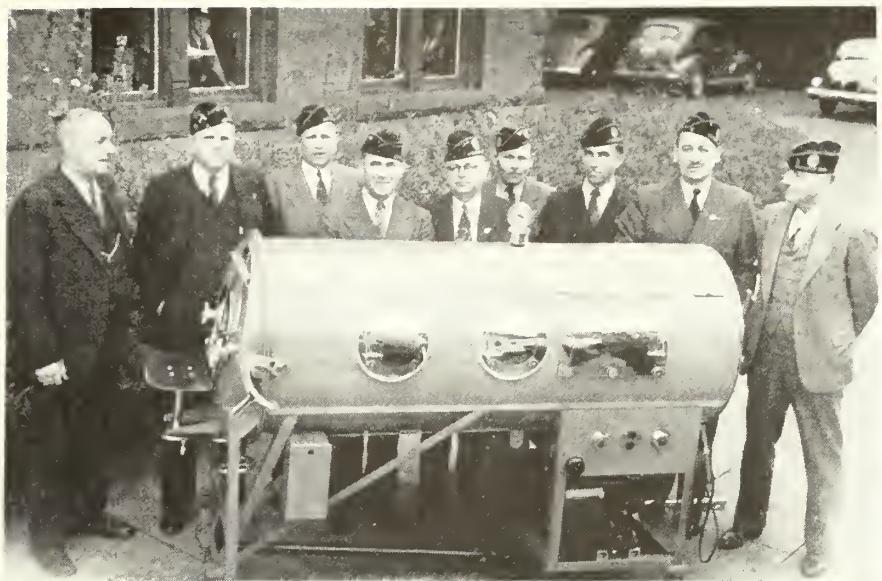
The three machines were formally turned over to the County at a public meeting held in the Nassau County Po-



lice auditorium, with a minimum of speech-making but with a practical demonstration of each piece, that proved a liberal education in first aid. A handsomely engrossed deed of gift, which now adorns the walls of the police headquarters, sets forth the purpose of each of the modern appliances. A reproduction of the deed, in greatly reduced form, though large enough to be clearly legible, is printed here as a sort of guide to Posts which wish to give some written token of the purpose to which such machines or other gifts intended for public service are to be dedicated.

Dr. Theodore N. Curphy, Medical Director, conducted the demonstration test of the drunkometer, aided by Legionnaire David Chase of New Hyde Park, who volunteered to serve as a "guinea pig." The first step in the demonstration was to administer to the volunteer a three-ounce jolt of rye whiskey—not the bust-head kind, but honest rye that had earned its service stripes in a wooden cask.

While waiting for the liquor to percolate through Legionnaire Chase's system, the demonstrator explained the test method. Air blown from the subject's lungs into a toy balloon is sent through a test tube containing a deep purple chemical, which reacts to the presence of alcohol by turning a pale pink. By the amount of air needed to turn the chemical to a pre-determined color, the per-



Five Posts of Grays Harbor County, Washington, pooled their funds to buy an iron lung



Newton (Mass.) Post gave a portable resuscitator to local hospital



centage of alcohol in the blood of the person being tested can be determined. "The drunkometer," Dr. Curphy said "is not a means of apprehending the drunken driver. It is considered a complementary method, and will not supersede the present methods." He also warned that "in fairness to citizens, the method must be very carefully applied."

After a wait of twenty-five minutes, Legionnaire Chase, still nursing his three-ounce slug, was given the balloon test, when his breath showed the presence of .54 percent of alcohol. The National Safety Council, according to a statement made at the meeting, has set the top limit for safe driving at 1.5 percent of alcohol.

The final demonstration of the evening showed the various uses and the adaptability of the resuscitator, which either pumps air in or out of the lungs of a patient, clears obstructions from the throat as an aspirator, or provides oxygen as an inhalator.

The five Posts of Grays Harbor County, Washington, make up another county organization to win a merit star for the presentation of an iron lung dedicated to the service of all the people in its area. Two days after the respirator had been presented to the county and placed in the city hall at Aberdeen, it was rushed to Tacoma for the use of a young boy suddenly stricken with infantile paralysis.

"We did not expect a call so soon after bringing the lung to Aberdeen," said Commander Ray Colby of the Aberdeen Post, "but the machinery for answering an emergency call was ready and we moved it to Tacoma with the greatest possible speed." And moved it was, accompanied by Service Officer John Troup, and William Hamm, State Patrol Sergeant, as escort.

The Posts that pooled to buy the \$1,500 iron lung were: Aberdeen Post, Hoquiam Post, William T. Hyder Post at Oakville, Montesano Post, and Hyder Harlow Post at Elma.

Keeping in line with its policy of community service, Newton (Massachusetts) Post recently gave a portable resuscitator and four oxygen tanks to Newton Hospital. The formal presentation was made by Commander Arthur A. Hunt in the assembly room at the hospital, and the gift was accepted by Frank L. Richardson, of the board of trustees.

Dr. J. W. Danforth, Texas National Committeeman, was talking with Farmer Brown, who is serving his second term as National Executive Committeeman from Missouri, when S. Perry Brown, of Beaumont, Texas, member of the National Defense Committee, joined the group. "Here's a Brown you should know," said the Doctor, and introduction

followed; then it developed that both were born on June 14, 1892, one in Missouri and one in Texas.

Farmer Brown, of Springfield, who is a farmer by avocation—he makes his living as Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue—has ridden a Missouri mule in every National Convention parade from New Orleans in 1922 to Boston in 1940, both inclusive. Major Perry Brown is now on active duty as a member of the General Staff, Eighth Corps Area.

Legion Memorial

APPROPRIATE and impressive were the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the memorial erected on the Legion cemetery lot at Andover, Massachusetts. The construction of the monument, built of Barre granite, was inaugurated and carried out as a project of the Post's Auxiliary Unit as a memorial not only to those who lie buried in the plot, but to others who served from the area who have passed on.

In the photograph of the group which appears on this page, left to right, are: Chaplain Lewis N. Mears, Post Commander H. Garrison Holt, and County Commander Arthur L. Coleman of the Legion; Past President Mrs. John H. Long and President Mrs. George Cilley of the Auxiliary Unit; Rev. A. Graham Baldwin of Phillips Academy, who delivered the address at the unveiling; Rev. Herman C. Johnson, pastor of the Free Church, who gave the benediction; Warren Richardson and Charles Schultz, sons of deceased veterans, who unveiled the monument. Both of the juniors are members of the Sons of the Legion.



Two Browns with a single birthday, S. Perry of Texas, and Farmer of Missouri. Bottom, Andover (Mass.) Post and Auxiliary Unit dedicate a memorial to their dead

The resuscitator, for which the Post appropriated \$450, is of the latest and most complete type and can be used with equally efficient results for infants, children or adults, in any weather and in any position. "The safety and security of our country may well depend on the degree to which its people realize that service to others and to the State should come before gratification of personal desires and privileges. . . . You have demonstrated a spirit which must be manifested broadly throughout the land if our democracy is to survive," said Chairman Richardson in accepting the resuscitator.

June Fourteenth

JUNE 14th is a day set apart in our national life, when we celebrate the anniversary of the adoption of our national flag.

It is also important to a couple of men by the name of Brown, distinguished for their long time Legion service, who were born on that day, month and in the same year, though many years after the day that marked the birth of Old Glory. Strangely enough, though both have been identified with the national organization for many years, they never met until the last November meeting of the National Executive Committee at the Indianapolis headquarters.





Auxiliary Troop

DONALD T. MORRISON, Commander of Billy Caldwell Post of Chicago, Illinois, not only commands his Post but leads the cavalry troop "manned" by members of the Billy Caldwell Auxiliary Unit. It's a first-rate outfit, all right, but this recorder will not go so far as to say that it is the only Auxiliary Unit in the country which has a troop of horsemen and performs drills on horseback. That's a big outfit Mrs. Lemstra is leading this year, and the activities carried on—social, recreational, service and educational—keep well abreast, if not

Twenty-One Years After

FEDERAL POST of Richmond, Virginia, staged a unique Armistice Day reunion when members and a few invited guests were asked to attend the annual banquet dressed in their World War uniforms. Nearly one hundred responded—some neatly and trimly outfitted in entire uniform, others in uniforms that

terfieldian Department Adjutant, W. Glenn Elliott, (second from the left in the rear row in the picture on this page) who very discreetly screens his waist from public view, but cannot conceal the fact that his blouse was made for a man who carried much less breadth of chest. Another guest of honor, to whom Father Time has apparently been less lavish in his bestowal of poundage, was Rich-



Cavalry new style—hard riding troop of horsewomen organized by Chicago's Billy Caldwell Auxiliary. Below, a few of the Federal Post, Richmond, Virginia, Comrades dressed in their war-time uniforms



sometimes a little ahead, of the Legion Posts.

The Billy Caldwell Auxiliary Troop is composed of twenty-five members. Just recently the troop won a prize in drill maneuvers, competing with three other riding organizations and is preparing for other competitions.

*failed to meet by several inches, and some with only a part of the uniform equipment.

Twenty years make a big difference, as many of the Richmond comrades found out when they tried to fit a pair of twenty-eight inch breeches around a forty-two inch waist. There's the Ches-

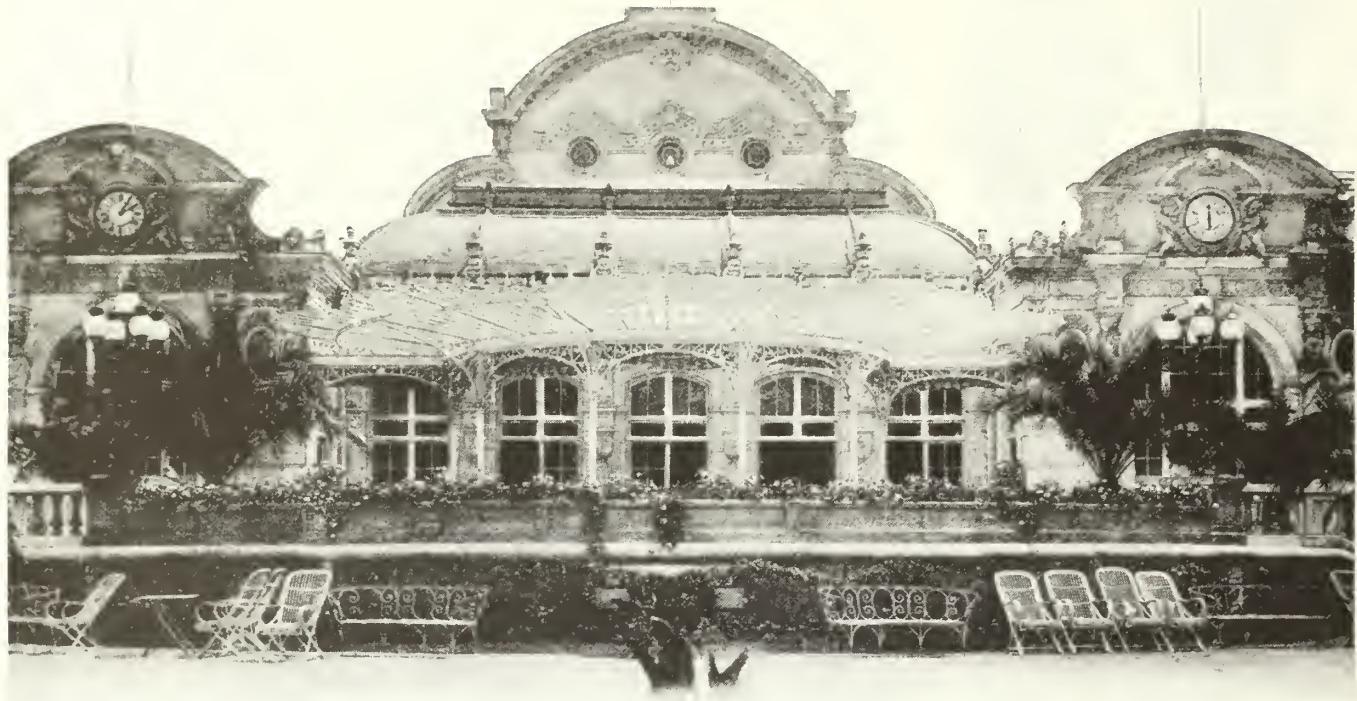
mond's Postmaster, Fergus McRee, (in center of rear row, with helmet, and cigarette in his mouth), Past Commander of Richmond Post and who has also served as District Commander and Department Vice Commander.

An army dinner was served in mess kits—the old standbys, beans, corned beef and cabbage, bread pudding and plenty of coffee. Bob Buchanan, Chairman of the Post Publicity Committee, says the meeting was a wham-dinger and is willing to try it again if he can't think up something better for next year.

On Active Duty

PUBLICITY Officer Gus M. Oehm reports that five Past Commanders of Laurence Roberts Post, Wilmington, Delaware, are again in active service. This group comprises Brigadier General William Berl, Jr., Adjutant General of the Delaware National Guard and State Draft Director; Lieutenant Colonel Louis H. Coxe, Major Earl E. Ewing, Major Park W. Huntington, Past National Chaplain, (*Continued on page 59*)

AS WE KNEW IT



ALMOST daily, war communiqués, news reports and stories of actions in Europe that come through our daily newspapers or on the radio give a particular jolt to our particular gang of slowly-aging veterans and cause us to live over again those days of some twenty-two years ago. That goes for all who served in the A. E. F., whether in France, England, Belgium, Italy or even up in the Rhineland. Towns and cities we knew are being bombed, ports are being shelled, and it makes us wonder just what is the fate of the natives whom we learned to know in those days.

Particularly prominent in the news at this writing is Vichy, France, the seat of the government of unoccupied France, which the octogenarian general of World War fame, Marshal Henri Pétain, serves as Chief of State. That city, noted for years for its mineral springs and curative baths, is well known to thousands of veterans, and especially to those who served with hospital units and to their soldier patients. The picture we show of an outstanding building in Vichy came to us with this letter from Legionnaire Russell L. Kent of 82 Nassau Street, Princeton, New Jersey:

"I am sending to you a picture of the building in Vichy, France, where the Pétain government holds its official meetings in these troubled days. I know that many of the boys will remember this building well—it is the Casino, which is

The Casino at Vichy, France, once an A. E. F. hospital center, now the seat of the government of unoccupied France

located at one end of the park in that beautiful city. During the World War Vichy was a large American hospital center, where during the summer of 1918 I served with Base Hospital No. 19.



"Base Hospital No. 19 was a Reserve Corps outfit, mobilized December 20, 1917, in Rochester, New York. It arrived overseas in June, 1918, and on June 21st reached Vichy with about forty officers, seventy-five nurses and 250 enlisted men. Vichy was a watering place for Europeans and a city of about 20,000, with many fine hotels. Our hospital took over nine of the hotels, the Hotels International (our headquarters), Splendide, Milan, Havre et New York, Amérique, Neva, du Helder, Bellevue and Velay which were used for the various departments. The first wounded we handled were from the Château-Thierry and Marne fighting. Originally intended as a 500-bed hospital, one of several in that Center, in November it was handling over 3,500 patients a day.

"Colonel George Skinner was the first commanding officer, and later Colonel John M. Swann was in command until our discharge at Camp Upton, New York, in May, 1919.

"My work while at Vichy was operating the steam boiler which furnished hot water for the Hotel International on the Rue de Nimes. This hotel had a large kitchen and we used to feed about 1,500 to 2,000 men per day.

"I wonder if any of the boys will remember the beautiful Casino with the little iron chairs in rows under the trees where the French aristocrats as well as convalescent soldiers and others of us



who had a few minutes to spare from our work, used to listen to the band concerts.

"Other places of interest I remember in Vichy were 'Hogan's Place,' a favorite café just off the Rue de Nimes, which had the best beer in town, and the Château Robert Liminade. That last was an advertising agency for a brand of mineral water that was supposed to taste like our lemonade. The lady in charge was very charming and spoke good English, so naturally she was quite an attraction.

"I hope that some of the boys, especially Sam Richardson of Sadler, Texas, will see this and drop me a line, as I very



Right, a garden party for Allied soldiers at the home of General Sir Ian Hamilton in England in 1919. Above, Ex-Sergeant Harold L. Graham, tour director, and his English-born wife and son en route home on the Agamemnon

seldom see any of the old outfit except our old detachment commander, John D. Lynn, now a New York lawyer."

WHILE some men in service might have got what others considered lucky breaks in the way of special assignments, it must be admitted that such assignments required unusual talents of one sort or another. For instance, there was Harold L. Graham of 516 North Jefferson Street, Aberdeen, Washington, who

advanced from a sergeancy in Company E, 162d Infantry, to the job of tour director and lecturer in the city of London, and hobnobbed with members of the British peerage. With the snapshot showing various Allied soldiers at a garden party and the picture of Mrs. Graham, their baby son and himself en route home from the A. E. F., came this story:

"During the time after the fighting stopped when men were anticipating going home and recreation for them was needed as never before, it was up to the A. E. F. to furnish means of amusement and organize things both in France and England to keep the men interested until they could be brought home.

"When this program got under way, I pulled strings to get to London, where I wanted to get into Y. M. C. A. work as an entertainer and lecturer. Eventually I received an order from General Biddle to proceed to London, where I was attached to the Y. M. C. A., but still retained my sergeancy.

"My job was to lecture on the interesting points of London three or four times a week. Mornings, with a group of soldier sightseers, I would start at the Old Curiosity Shop and go down through the Law Courts buildings, through the Strand to Cheapside and its places of interest, and end up at the Tower of London. In the afternoon we would go down the Thames Drive to the Houses of Parliament, wind through London's West Side to the Mall and finish at beautiful Buckingham Palace.

"I wonder if any of the fellows who read this went on one of these tours and remember the events of which I speak? I wonder if any of them will remember the night I took a group to Lady Astor's reception, where we met many of the dignitaries of the British government?

"Did any of the veterans reading this go with me on any of the

General Order No. 2
— "To walk my Post in a military manner—Keepin' allus on the alert, and observering everything that takes place within Sight or hearing." Gosh!!



visits to the home of General Sir Ian Hamilton, who did so much to weld the English-speaking Allies together? Although the British gave him rather a raw deal by placing his name among the less successful commanders of the war, yet this great man kept right on doing his bit. I suppose no other man on earth was more respected, loved and admired by the Australians. I remember one Aussie said to me, 'I say, you should have been at Gallipoli with us. The general was wonderful. When the shells were dropping all around us and killing men like flies, he walked among us, directing and encouraging us. He is a real man.'

"Every Wednesday for many weeks, I



took a few picked men to the general's home in Hyde Park. This gave me a chance to become well acquainted with him and I played the piano for him. Often he would say to me, 'Sergeant, don't forget to tell the Americans that England and America must stay close together or we shall fall separately.' We can see now why General Sir Ian Hamilton so earnestly asked me to convey his message of solidarity.

"One of the enclosed pictures shows a group attending one of the General's tea parties—there is a representative of each of the Allied forces in the group. Lady Hamilton is at the right of the group with me next to her. General Hamilton is in the center with their adopted son standing in front of him.

"While in England, I met my wife-to-be at her home in Littleton, England, when I had command of the guard at the Flowerdown Camp which was exclusively for Aero Squadrons. I had just come from the First Corps School at Gondrecourt, France, and so was given this post

up. So here goes—a couple of bears this time, and one of the pictures will, we hope, be a surprise to the two soldiers who appear in it, because the contributor doesn't know who they are. He has sent us two prints of the snapshot so that each may have a copy if they report to us.

The picture to which we refer is that showing a bear cub being held by a soldier in campaign hat, while another smiling doughboy in garrison cap passes by. It came with this letter from Bob Pohlman, a former Vice-Commander of 305th Field Artillery Post of the Legion, whose home is at 5922 Catalpa Avenue, Brooklyn, New York:

"The enclosed picture of a bear mascot was taken at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, during August, 1917. At that time I was with the 2d Cavalry and later transferred to the 18th Cavalry, when the 18th and 19th were organized from men of the 2d.

"Some time later the 18th and 19th Cavalry were changed to the 76th and



The bear cub mascot of the 5th Marines sailed with his regiment for the A. E. F. in 1917

snapped the picture and failed to learn who the two soldiers were. I am almost positive, though, that they were men from one of the units of the 26th (Yankee) Division—most likely originally of the Vermont National Guard. I did not know either of the boys and they probably never knew that their picture had been taken. The 26th Division units at Ethan Allen pulled out a few days later and I believe they left shortly for overseas.

"I hope that these two veterans see the picture and claim the copies. Perhaps they can tell us something about their bear mascot."

THE second bear mascot is brought to our attention by a Legionnaire who lives, or lived, in—of all places—Verdun, France. A member of Paris (France) Post, Richard A. Bodin introduced himself as an ex-sergeant, 5th Regiment, United States Marine Corps, and was, at the time he wrote to us—and that was in the summer of 1939 before France had declared war—proprietor of the Café de la Porte de France, Avenue du Mareschal Pétain, Verdun. We wonder where he now is. Says Bodin in his letter:



even though I was only a sergeant. My wife, then Marjorie Warren, was one of two secret letter writers of the Hampshire Division. Marjorie was also organist at the four-hundred-year-old church in Littleton and it was there we were married. The other snapshot shows us and our baby son aboard the *Agamemnon* when we came home to the States.

"The years have flown but those scenes in London are still indelibly impressed upon my mind and as I read of the bombing of that historic city, it seems hard to realize that one bomb can and does blast out of existence some of the old landmarks that endear that great city to the British and to us.

"I would certainly enjoy hearing from the many American veterans who went on those tours of London with me."

JUST when we think that all of the wartime mascots have been introduced to our readers, a few more bob

77th Field Artillery Regiments. I stayed with the 18th Cavalry until the latter part of August, 1917, when I was transferred with about sixty other men to the 305th Field Artillery, 77th Division, with which regiment I remained until the end of the war. We were all made sergeants at Camp Upton, New York, and assisted in the assembling and training of the 77th.

"Now as to the picture: My diary shows it was taken on August 19, 1917, while my Dad was up at Fort Ethan Allen visiting me. He had come up from our home in Brooklyn, New York. While wandering around the camp one day, he

In August, 1917, the snapshot, right, was taken in Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont. Who are the two soldiers, and to what outfit did the bear mascot belong?



"I am sending you a snap taken aboard a transport in 1917, and wonder if after all these years some of my old leather-neck buddies of the 5th Regiment will remember it. He went, I mean the black bear cub, through a submarine engagement off St. Nazaire and never seemed to be much troubled, but a little later he passed on at St. Nazaire from stomach trouble—from eating too much goldfish!"

"We also had a shepherd dog mascot. Do you know where we acquired him?—from a railroad station platform in Texas. He was really the mascot of the 7th Company and lived a very happy life in G. H. Q. at Chaumont. He was a son-of-a-gun as a scrapper. I was mess sergeant of my company and fed him very well, but do you know that that dog-gone dog didn't know me at all, when I came back to Chaumont! He afterwards went to the happy hunting grounds while still in Chaumont."

"I don't remember the name of the bear nor where we got it. I only know he was smuggled aboard our transport at the Philadelphia Navy Yard and I first saw him at sea."

"The day after our country declared war, I enlisted in the Marine Corps in



Bellingham, Washington—of which I'll always be proud. Was sent to Vallejo, California, for training and it was while en route from there to Quantico, Virginia, that we got our dog mascot.

"I was born in Oconto, Wisconsin, April 1, 1887; my father was a Frenchman and my mother Irish—that is, their parents were of those nationalities. We went out to Everett, Washington, just before the start of the Spanish-American War.

"While in the A. E. F., I served at G. H. Q. at Chaumont, where I often saw General Pershing and also General Lejeune, our Marine C. G. Up to the Occupied Area in Germany for seven months and finally got discharged in Quantico in October, 1919.

"Later I sailed from New York for France to marry a French girl and we have gotten along very well. Perhaps I will never again see my homeland of America, but I would like very much to see it once again. I am still an American



A sad-looking group at Camp Logan, Texas, in 1917. But it's not sorrow, it's sunshine

citizen and a member in good standing of Paris Post of the Legion."

EVEN though lack of space prevents a regular "Lost and Found" column in Then and Now, here is a request from Adjutant James W. McLoughlin of Pawtucket (Rhode Island) Post, 100 South Bend Street, Pawtucket, which we think warrants publication:

"During the Legion National Convention in Boston, a member of my Post, Jacob W. Garber, 19 South Street, Pawtucket, lost his Purple Heart medal, probably somewhere in the vicinity of the Hotel Essex. He prizes this award very much.

"Might I ask that you include a notice of the loss in your columns, requesting that the medal, if found, be returned to Comrade Garber at the address shown?"

WE LET ourselves in for something again when in the November issue we used as an illustration a picture of a group of officers and men of Headquarters Troop, 90th Division, prominent in which was a half-pint soldier about whom the contributor, Lee J. Stoneman of El Reno, Oklahoma, made inquiry. That inquiry brought many letters, which we hope later to share with you—but briefly we can report that the little soldier's name was Frank James Burke, of Helena, Montana, his nickname was "Brownie," he was 4 feet 8 inches tall and weighed 93 pounds, and regrettably we

must add that he passed away in Bakersfield, California, about ten years ago.

Lee Stoneman's claim that Burke was the shortest man in the American Army brought us many letters and quite a number of pictures of undersized soldiers, and some oversized ones, too, and in time we hope to show them. But even before this discussion arose, we received a snapshot of an enormously tall soldier, but it was obvious, and admitted by the contributor, that it was a bit of nature-faking—one tall guy standing on another tall guy's shoulders, an army blanket serving as a cape to disguise that fact. Well, anyway, that same contributor, Bert Paulding of City Hall Post of the Legion, who is in the Office of the City Engineer of Los Angeles, California, sent also the snapshot we show in which apparently the campaign-hatted men are mourners at some sad event. But not so, according to this report from Comrade Paulding:

"I am sending a snapshot print of some of the officers of my outfit, Company E, 108th Engineers, 33d Division, that was taken in 1917 during our training period at Camp Logan, Texas. The man in the center is Captain Rossiter, and on his left, with a handkerchief to his face, is Lieutenant Jacobson. The picture gives the impression of having been taken at the military burial of a comrade—but that isn't true.

"The fact of the matter is that the officers were giving instructions and watching the enlisted men make simulated shell holes with the use of dynamite. That Texas sun was terrifically hot, and it is perspiration and not tears that the lieutenant is wiping away.

"My regiment was the old First Engineers of the Illinois National Guard and after being federalized in Chicago, it became the 108th Engineers. We were one of the first regiments to land in Camp Logan, when it was a new camp, and arrived there on August 11, 1917, when I believe it was 111 degrees in the shade. For the first two nights we had to sleep on the ground among the scorpions and tarantulas.



"I had enlisted in Chicago in July, 1917, and was assigned to the 108th Engineers. Later I was chosen as a candidate for the 2nd Officers Training Camp at Leon Springs, Texas, but after injuring my hip on the bayonet course, was returned to my regiment for an S. C. D. or surgeon's certificate of discharge. When I got back to Logan I found they were breaking camp to go to Camp Merritt, so I took over my platoon and started along on my way to France. After several days at (Continued on page 62)



"Don't cook no stew for the dogs tonight, maw. This is be-kind-to-animals week!"

LEGIONNAIRE Russell Conger, of Knightstown, Indiana, tells this one: An old gentleman dropped something on the floor of the theater and was making a great fuss trying to recover it. Finally a lady near him asked what he had lost.

"A chocolate caramel," replied the man.

"All that fuss over a piece of candy?" said the lady, in a rather disgusted tone.

"Yes," said he. "My teeth are in it!"

A GOOD old Georgia Bishop, says Olin Miller, of Thomaston, was reading his Bible while riding on a train. A man leaned over the back of his seat and said, "I don't believe a word in that book!"

The Bishop ignored him and continued reading, but the heckler persisted. Finally losing patience, the Bishop turned to the interrupter and said, "My good man, will you please go to hell quietly?"

CONDUCTOR: "Can't you read that sign? It says 'No smoking.'"

Sailor: "Sure, mate, that's plain enough, but you've got a lot of dippy signs here. One of 'em says 'Wear Nemo Corsets,' so I ain't payin' attention to any of 'em."

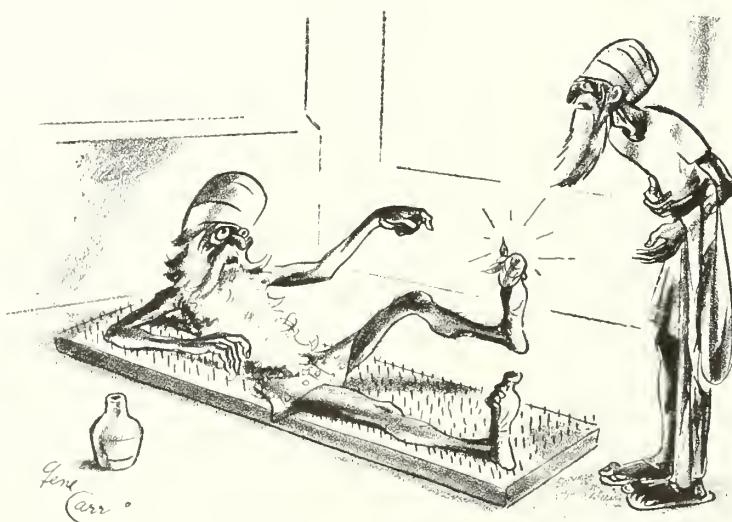
THIS one comes from Hermann A. Wenige, Past Department Vice Comman-

der of Indiana: Two acquaintances fell for a gaudy poster at a third-rate picture house. They endured part of the flicker, then quietly picked up their hats and made for the exit.

"It certainly is wonderful how moving pictures have advanced these last few years," remarked the chap who was leading the way.

"Advanced, whaddyu mean advanced?" asked his pal. "You certainly can't prove it by me."

"Well, first there were silent pictures, then after awhile they introduced the talkies, and now this one smells!"



"I stepped on a tack last night!"

BURSTS AND DUDS

AVO had been missing from his usual haunts for some time. Chancing to meet him on the street, a friend hailed him: "Hello! Haven't seen you for some time."

Avo: "Been in bed seven weeks."

Friend: "That's too bad. Flu, I suppose?"

Avo: "Yes, and crashed!"

A MOTORIST crashed into a telephone pole. Wire, pole and everything came down around his ears. He was found unconscious in the wreckage, but as he was being untangled he came to, reached out feebly, fingered a wire and murmured: "Thank heaven, they've given me a harp!"

PERCY: "The moral law is easy to remember."

Flage: "So what?"

Percy: "If you're good you go to a place of everlasting bliss. If not, you go to a place of everlasting blisters!"

MODERN definitions: A recession is when you need to tighten your belt. A depression is when you have no belt to tighten. When you have no pants to hold up, boy, that's a panic!

OLD Uncle Nehemiah had been very much occupied all by himself over in a corner by the fireplace. He was working with a stub of pencil and a piece of paper.

"Dog-gone," he exclaimed happily, "if I ain't learned to write!"

Maw got up and looked over the scrawl. "What do it say?" she asked.

"I don't know," Nehemiah replied with a puzzled frown. "I ain't learned to read yet."

FROM Olympia, Washington, Frank Crewdson, Jr., sends this one. A boy, attending Sunday School for the first time, was being catechized by his teacher.

"Now, where does God live?" asked the teacher.

"I think he lives in our bathroom," chirped the youngster.

"Why do you think that?" gasped the teacher.

"Well, every morning daddy goes to the bathroom door and yells, 'God! Are you still in there?'"

THE STEEL CROSS

(Continued from page 7)

down again to demonstrate the power of a furnace dedicated to a man called Conqueror, who in a few months had made the great skull hills of Jenghiz Khan look like gopher mounds.

Bjursted had planned this demonstration with consummate craft. He bent down, now, and stood the steel cross upright on its base upon the furnace floor. Then he was quiet for a moment, his thoughts upon the girl on whose grave that small cross had stood so many years. She was an Uberlander, who had served her country as a nurse throughout the first great war. But at its end she had gone to Bjursteds's friendly neighbor land, to work and learn under a famous surgeon there—a friend of Bjursteds's. They met and fell in love, Bjursteds and she, and married; and so, in time, the husband learned about this nurse's most remarkable case—which was the case of obscure Private Uber.

With a strange smile Bjursteds, in his furnace, raised his hand, then dropped it. A melter on the charging floor outside relayed the gesture. The operating power switch was thrown.

There came no scorching wave of heat. All about Bjursteds now, full force, the awful melting power surged. But there was nothing on the hearth to melt—nothing except the little cross, a step away from Bjursteds. So he simply stood, unharmed, and waited, watching the cross of steel. Everyone watched it. Cameras, clicking, watched it. So did The Conqueror, Uber. And as they watched, that great induction furnace drove its mysterious, impalpable magnetic fields through the molecular structure of the small steel cross, setting up in it circuits of electricity too strong for it to stand. It glowed. Dull red at first, it swiftly turned to cherry, then deep gold. Quickly the color yellowed. Then the spreading arms began to sag.

Maybe it pleased The Conqueror to imagine an unseen burden, heavy with defeat, hanging from them, and more than they could bear. In any case it was just then, before those arms began to drip, that Uber bent and stepped inside the furnace. As Bjursteds had planned he should.

To that great, terrible ego which was Uber, there was something in this mo-

ment more significant than Uberland's technical, munitions-making mastery of the world. This moment offered him a grandiose gesture which he could not possibly forego. As Bjursteds had foreseen.

Two thousand years before there had been lifted up for human eyes to see, a symbol which had been the hope of men from that time up to Uber's day. But Uber, with contempt, had tramped it down beneath his bloody boots—had violated every principle for which it had been raised. And now, a mere test piece for a new device for turning out the implements of human butchery, that symbol, visibly, before the eyes of men, was sinking to obliteration. The world must see The Conqueror standing over it as it sank—Uber, The Conqueror, greater than the cross. When he stepped into the furnace, Bjursteds saluted him; and strangely smiled again.

Then as the little steel cross, melting by induction, collapsed and flowed into a golden puddle close to Uber's feet, that Conqueror turned to face his cameras squarely. With his jaw thrust blasphemously forward, he slanted a stiff left arm on high, demanding the attention of the world. Then he dropped dead. A little piece of shrapnel which had rested underneath his skull for twenty years had melted in his brain.

(Continued from page 11)

better known, is reputed to have sailed the *Debutante III*, the huge 650 square-footer, 124 miles an hour.

Until 1934, Bucky held the much-prized Stuart Cup continuously, turning back all invaders. Since that time some of the more modern and lighter craft have lifted the cup, but each succeeding year has seen Bucky retrieve the blue ribbon laurels.

Buckstaff builds iceboats as well as sailing them. He built the *Bluebill* in recent years and in 1926 created the crack *Flying Dutchman*, a huge 450-rater, for International Cup racing. He realized the hopes he nurtured for the *Flying Dutchman* when he captured the International Hearst Iceboat Challenge Trophy in 1927, which he held until 1935.

Bucky's an old hand at the helm, but these days iceboat racing demands young blood. The Cook Post, and Bucky's racing activities, have done much to increase interest in the sport and develop younger skippers. A step in this direction was Buckstaff's tutoring a protégé, the youthful Tommy Anger, who is already a seasoned pilot in International matches.

Oshkosh is one of the most important iceboat centers in the United States. Eight years ago Cook Post moved into the spacious quarters of the Oshkosh Yacht Club on the west shore of Lake Winnebago, which is twelve miles wide and thirty-five miles long, an idyllic iceboating fairway. The Cook Post, with

FASTER THAN THE WIND

many ardent iceboaters on its roster, every winter sponsors iceboat races, with valuable trophies up for competition.

Although iceboaters number in the thousands, the general public, by and large, regards the sport as something limited to a few. And because it is confined by climate to certain localities, many Americans have yet to see their first iceboat. Dwight, who has a keen knowledge and appreciation of the sport of sailing in all its ramifications, is well qualified to enlighten the uninitiated.

"Iceboating is a game that very few people understand," says Dwight. "First of all, I will never forget the simple answer to the criticism that it is such a cold sport nobody can enjoy it. I attended a fraternity dinner given in honor of Admiral Robert E. Peary shortly after his return from the North Pole. Naturally many persons would ask him:

"Wasn't it terribly cold at the North Pole?"

"His answer was that he was never as cold at the North Pole as he was while traveling around the United States dressed in civilian clothes. The reason is simple. While he was in the polar regions he was dressed to protect himself from the cold. The same is true of iceboating. Dressed properly, you'll not only be warm but

will also enjoy sailing on ice immensely.

"The second criticism is the danger. A goodly number of people who have sailed boats on water all their lives believe that sailing on ice requires much more skill than sailing afloat and that smash-ups are common. This is entirely erroneous. To prove the fact, I will point to Captain Bernard's fleet of iceboats on Lake Mendota at Madison, Wisconsin. He rents these craft to students of the University of Wisconsin and a good portion of these students have never seen an iceboat before. Yet they sail them with perfect safety and bring them back intact. If the same persons went out in sailboats, they would undoubtedly capsize or run them on the rocks occasionally."

"Of course, it is a far different story when it comes to racing with iceboats. Personally, I believe iceboat racing is the fastest and finest sailing in the world. In an average sailboat race, if a skipper finishes without making more than one mistake, he usually has a pretty good chance to win. This is not true in iceboat racing. The misjudgment and under-sailing of a buoy by merely fifty feet may result in the loss of a half mile distance. One single mistake in an iceboat race against good skippers eliminates a boat from the race.

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FASTER THAN THE WIND

(Continued from page 35)

"Since racing craft skim the ice at great speeds, it requires real skill not only to attain high speed, but to handle the boat. It is hard work for one man to handle a large iceboat in a race, taking care of all the sails himself and steering at the same time. (In light winds, pilots sail alone to avoid excess weight.) I myself have finished an iceboat race in weather approximately five degrees above zero, wringing wet from perspiration from handling the boat. There are many days in winter when the temperature goes up to 35. On such days, with a good breeze blowing, iceboating is anything but a cold sport.

"The big thrill derived from iceboating is the apparent speed of the boat. The devotees ride so close to the ice that they get a false impression of speed. Take an average person over the ice at twenty-five miles an hour and he will swear he's going seventy-five. Iceboating is a rigorously healthy sport, too. It keeps you out in the exhilarating air in winter and furnishes plenty of exercise in starting and sailing the boat.

"And I know that I lose about ten pounds of excess weight at each regatta.

And believe you me, this loss of excess fat is greatly appreciated."

It is an acknowledged fact that iceboats sail four times faster than the wind velocity. In other words, if the wind blows at ten miles an hour, an iceboat can sail forty miles an hour in that wind. No other craft dependent upon the wind for propulsion can equal this.

Perhaps only one explanation of this phenomenon is without highly-involved physics. This compares an iceboat's sail to the upper surface of an airplane wing, which is largely responsible for attaining altitude. The curvature atop the wing creates a powerful suction, which produces two-thirds of the lifting power of the airplane. The other third comes from the driving force of the engine.

Filled with wind, the iceboat sail assumes a smooth curve and the effect of an airplane wing. When the wind hits, a terrific suction is created behind the sail, so that two-thirds of the iceboat's speed results from *suction*, which actually *pulls* the boat ahead faster than the wind force.

If the wind blows at thirty miles an hour, and the craft can stand it, the speed should be about 120 miles an hour. Iceboats are comparatively frail things



and hardly any can weather a gale much stiffer than thirty. Otherwise it would be reasonable to expect that icecraft could sail 150 or even 200 miles an hour.

One hundred per is fast enough, on the basis of Dwight's explanation of speed. The false impression you get when riding so close to the ice makes 100 per feel like 300. With the ice streaking by, chips of ice flying back from the sharp blades, the runners roaring and the craft all askant—almost rolling you out—you're choking down your heart and wishing that iceboating weren't so darned thrilling. Because you wonder if you'll live through it all, being thrilled to death.

(Continued from page 23)

Enid Lemstra, with a chuckle, told this reporter that strangely enough in the assignment of duties to the chapter members, she was given a specialized job for which she lacked the required skill—she was made chairman of the knitting committee. She refused to admit her lack of knowledge of the art and quietly took lessons in knitting. When the close of hostilities suspended further war work she found herself with a sock, destined for some soldier, that was half-way toward completion. That half-finished work of her needles is still among her prized possessions.

The secretarial course she had taken was not without its reward. She became secretary to the Superintendent of Clinton Schools. And then in 1919 there came a vacation trip, a visit to an uncle in El Paso, Texas, that was to affect materially the future of the young secretary and ex-school teacher. Her visit included tours into the neighboring States of New Mexico and Arizona. Learning to like the great Southwest, she obtained a secretarial job in Phoenix, Arizona.

At that time in Phoenix there was a young electrician engaged in picking up the threads of civilian life which had been disrupted by his service in the Navy during the war. Louis J. Lemstra had been born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, where his father had taken

up his residence after coming to this country as a young man from Holland. Louis, grown to manhood, took a course in electrical engineering at the Milwaukee School of Engineering in Wisconsin and returned to Grand Rapids to engage in that profession.

Shortly after our country entered the war, young Lemstra visited his father and step-mother in New Mexico, and while there enlisted in the Navy. Two full years of service on the U. S. S. *Virginia* and U. S. S. *Georgia* in the grade of Electrician, 2nd Class, followed. During that period he learned to know such widely-scattered ports as San Francisco and Hampton Roads, San Diego and Boston.

So it was in Phoenix that the former sailor and the ex-schoolmarm met and early in 1921 Enid Frist became Mrs. Louis J. Lemstra. It was not only because of Louis' membership in Frank Luke Post of the Legion in Phoenix but through the daily personal contact with the rehabilitation problem of veterans that Enid Lemstra became interested in the work of the Legion. That Southwest

country was a mecca for hundreds of veterans suffering with tuberculosis who, either with or without government aid, had flocked there to obtain the healthful benefits of the climate. Those fortunate enough to have service-connected their disabilities were being cared for in government contract hospitals—this before the day of the splendid Facilities since provided—others, many with families, were eking out an existence in shacks scattered in the surrounding desert.

It was in 1924 that Mrs. Lemstra became a member of the Auxiliary Unit of Frank Luke Post and immediately engaged in its various activities, particularly those having to do directly with the disabled veterans. With other members of her Unit she put forth every effort to alleviate the condition of these unfortunates. She participated in the Unit's fund-raising benefits, its poppy sales, and contributed in every way of her time and energy. With such a firsthand insight into the problem of the disabled, it can be understood why she has always had a deep interest in the rehabilitation program of the Auxiliary.

Then, in 1926, it was back home again in Indiana—Mr. and Mrs. Lemstra returned to Clinton to live. Mr. Lemstra joined with Enid's father in the direction of the mortuary establishment which Mr. Frist had founded, and since the latter's death he has continued to conduct the business. Living in the same home with her mother, Enid today has assurance that household affairs will be efficiently directed during her absence.

WITH Legion and Auxiliary memberships promptly transferred to Clinton Post and Unit, and appreciating from their experiences in Phoenix the continuing responsibilities to the disabled veterans and their families, both Mr. and Mrs. Lemstra soon were active in the Legion and Auxiliary in Clinton, and the following year, 1927, Enid filled out a term as Unit Secretary. She was elected to the office of District President in 1931 and as her District had recently been reorganized to conform with the new allocation of Congressional Districts in Indiana, she was immediately faced with weighty problems. That Enid Lemstra through her tact, her charm and executive ability met the problems of reorganization successfully is attested by the fact that in the following year she was re-elected District President to serve a second term.

At the Indiana Department Convention of the Auxiliary in 1933, Mrs. Lemstra was elected Department Vice-President. During the period prior to 1935, when she was elected Department President, she served as Chairman of the Americanism, National Defense and Community Service Department Committees.

At the time Enid was elected Department President she was serving as President of her Unit and there arose an unusual situation—one probably without precedent. For a period of three weeks she served in the dual capacity of President of the Clinton Unit and President of the Department of Indiana. That came about this way: The Department Convention at which she was inducted as Department President for 1935-36 occurred three weeks before the installation of her successor to the Unit Presidency

was scheduled to be held and so for this short time she found herself with the two jobs to fill.

It was during Enid's year as Department President that the American Legion Auxiliary Memorial Forest project for southern Indiana was inaugurated, a movement since followed by other women's organizations of the State. Last summer dedication services for this memorial plantation were held with the speakers of the day being Milo Warner of Ohio and Enid Lemstra of Indiana, a prophetic forerunner of many joint engagements for the National Commander and the National President this year.

Subsequent service to her Department included two terms as Department Finance Chairman and National Executive Committeewoman. It was while occupying the latter post that she also served the National Organization as Chairman of the National Legislative Committee. Under Mrs. Lemstra's direction a great amount of Auxiliary interest was stimulated, resulting in a forward step along the path toward accomplishment of the fourth point of the Legion's legislative program—governmental protection for widows and orphans of World War veterans—through the reduction of the required thirty percent service-connected disability to ten percent; awards were provided for Gold Star parents of deceased veterans; and increased appropriations for national defense were secured.

It was not until 1931 that Mrs. Lemstra attended her first national convention, that in Detroit, but the following year she was a delegate to the national convention in Portland, Oregon, and since then has regularly been an active member of the Indiana delegation.

National honors came to Mrs. Lemstra in rapid succession, as has already been shown. At the Auxiliary National Convention in New York City in 1937, Enid Lemstra was elected National Vice President of the Central Division. The next year came appointment as National Chairman of the Committee in whose work her experience had been extensive—Rehabilitation. For two years she successfully conducted the work of this Committee and as a part of her responsibilities organized and held five Area Re-

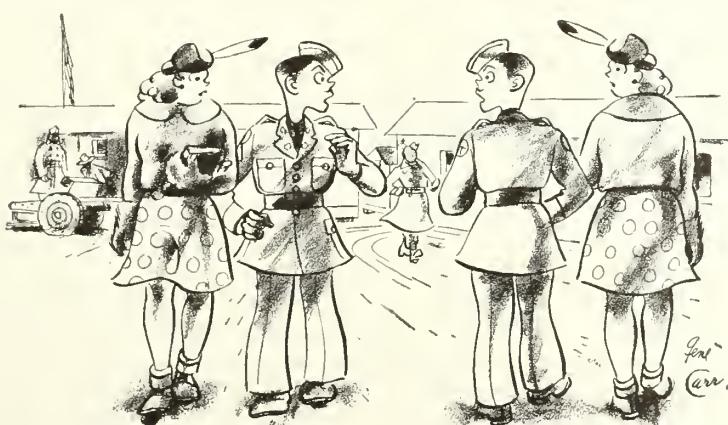
habilitation Conferences each year. Experience gained in the first term in this work led to the recommendation that the Area Conferences on Child Welfare and Rehabilitation be more closely coöordinated, and this was done last year.

WITH such an outstanding record of service to the organization one can understand why the election of Mrs. Lemstra for the office of National President in Boston last fall was without contest. The half-million women of the Auxiliary had had definite assurance that the great program of their organization would be in safe hands, that it would be carried forward with the same zeal and devotion that Mrs. Lemstra had displayed during the years. Her training and her business connections have given her a background that is required in her high office. An understanding of business management was acquired from her secretarial positions and her assistance in the office of her family's business firm. Her teaching experience is of vast benefit in connection with the Auxiliary's work in youth problems and child training. Her five years as a member of the Vermillion County Board of Charities and the County Board of Children's Guardians will assure the proper conduct of the welfare activities of the Auxiliary.

Where women find time for so many diverse activities is beyond understanding, but added to all of the foregoing interests is Mrs. Lemstra's membership in the Clinton Women's Club, which once she served as President, Tri Kappa, an Indiana non-college-affiliated sorority whose efforts are devoted exclusively to charity and to providing scholarships for worthy students, still has her active support, and has had her guidance as President of the Clinton Chapter. She holds membership also in the Business and Professional Women's Clubs, and is an active and interested member of Brouillet Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Although Enid's paternal grandmother was a member of the Friends' Church, the family's affiliation is now with the Methodist Church.

It must be evident that there remains little time for Enid Lemstra to engage in sport or to indulge in hobbies, but she has a particular interest in art; and, apparently without too many regrets, confesses that at one time she had hoped to study law.

In honoring Mrs. Louis J. Lemstra by electing her National President, the American Legion Auxiliary has likewise honored itself and assured itself of proper direction during the critical year that lies ahead. Executive ability, dignity and charm, faithful energy and industry, and, yet, a deep sense of humility, are encompassed in this woman from the banks of the Wabash who is today directing the activities of the largest patriotic group of women in America—the American Legion Auxiliary.



To Combat the Autocracy...

(Continued from page 1)

that of the smallest Post. Legion meetings, wherever held, are open to all. Class feeling is entirely absent. No one cares just what the social or financial status of the man or woman in the next seat may be, just so long as he or she is a good American.

Even in the years when peace or semi-peace prevailed over most of the world, far sighted Americans fought against autocracy, whether of class or of mass. Today, with the war dogs of Europe and other parts of the world tearing at each other's throats and aiming at the destruction of all democracies, the fight to keep class feeling out of our national life assumes greater importance than ever before.

Factions which preach Communism, Fascism, Nazism and other foreign ide-

ologies bank largely on creating class hatred and friction. At times these efforts are so open and plain that they leave no question as to their purpose. At other times they are subtle, cleverly guarded campaigns which require constant vigilance to detect.

Legionnaires, from the national executives down the line to the post officers and individual members, have found that a constant program of positive Americanism is the best way to offset these subversive elements, whether their work is being carried on in the open or behind well concealed smoke screens.

Wide open meetings, sponsored by public relations, community betterment and other sub-committees of American Legion Departments, areas, districts and Posts go far in this program. Who can question the purpose of a gathering

which is open to all and at which it is a well established fact that the basic theme will be Americanism?

Down through the years Americans have fought for their freedom of speech, religion and right to think as they wish. They do not mean to relinquish any of these privileges now, despite the fact that present world conditions will inevitably bring out renewed efforts on the part of those among our people who seek to disrupt the smooth sailing of government.

Should you be able to take stock of the performance of the average Legionnaire through the year you would find that he has been a mighty soldier in the ranks of democracy. You would find that his every thought and every act has been to offset any sign he may have seen tending to further class hatred.

He has pledged himself to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses, and he daily puts this pledge to the test of action.

AND WORTHY OF THEIR Sires

(Continued from page 17)

and now. We all remember the old blouse collar buttoned up close around the neck. It gave your Adam's apple no freedom to live a life of its own. The object of it was to make you keep your head up and look like a soldier. But its accumulation of sweat soaked dust made you feel like a dirty soldier.

In its place son has a lapel collar with a soft collared shirt, just like a regular human being. No matter though the coat is soiled you feel clean and respectable to look your Uncle Sam in the face once the shirt is washed.

In place of the tight casing of the old blouse there is shoulder room. And the soldier of the new Army has so far grown up that he has regular long pants which our Army never got. He folds the bottoms into the leggings for field work. In barracks and evening rest his legs are as unbound as yours or mine in civil life.

"Selectees." That's surely the right word for all the men in the new Army, whether volunteered or drafted. They get three selective tests before they are entitled to wear an army shoe, large or small. The first, that of the induction center, is only a once-over compared to that by the army board of experts in the induction station, which is the real test. They not only probe the subject's body but also what is inside his head, and they find out things they couldn't learn in answers to a written questionnaire.

Probably you know examples of men in 1917-18 whose foot arches gave way under the strain of long marches. I knew that agony when I was in the wilds before the World War, and I had to keep on going to reach camp and food or freeze and starve to death. I cured myself by toe-in sort of tap-dancing exercises, so I was okay in 1917.

Flatfoot, if the feet are strong, does not mean exclusion. But the arch?

How tell if that will stand up under the weight of a sixty-pound pack pounding along on the hard road? In France many a man's arch fell on the way up to the battle line. That meant a heart break of frustration for the victim whose training had been waste.

Then there were the men who cracked mentally. Many of these are in hospitals still and will be while their wrecked lives endure. On the board are experts in psychiatry, a science which has made great advances in the last twenty years on the background of World War experience.

They have a way of judging whether a man who will go along all right in ordinary life and in work to which he is accustomed at home will be in danger of losing his balance in such a tough trial as we all know, not out of story books, but first hand.

If the conclusion is that he is in such danger then he is not told so, nor is anyone else, to worry him or his friends. He is all right in his place in civil life, all right perhaps in some job in the Army, though not in the combat arm. Another of many reasons may be given for refusing to accept him. In fact, the board does not have to give any reason at all except lack of general fitness.

And there are always a few of a certain type. We had them in 1917-18. We have them now. They may feign unfitness. But the experts know all the slackers' tricks . . .

Also there is the drafted man who is bound to be a trouble maker and the one of Communistic, Fifth-Column inclinations. In order that these may be

spotted every man's record is studied. There is no place for disloyalty in our Army. When he is refused admission to service, such a one is not yet through with Uncle Sam. An agent of the F.B.I. may be at the door to receive him for further expert examination and custody.

After passing through the army induction station, what next? We know how by the thousands the draftees were rushed to the cantonments in 1917-18, without any initial drill, for the most intensive training any rookies ever knew in this land of speed. But this time the finally-selected rookies will go to replacement centers when these are built and ready in the spring.

There those selected for all the different branches from coast artillery to infantry and tanks will be trained for thirteen weeks in the fundamentals of soldiering in their branches, before they go to their units. This will prevent some of the delays and injustices of 1917-18, when we started with no replacement centers.

Cruel necessity required that some Divisions be broken up for replacements to fill the gaps in others in France. There was one Division which was twice subjected to heavy eliminations of ship workers and other skilled men in the later period of its training. It went to France with only half of its original trainees and promptly into battle in the crisis of the Meuse-Argonne, where it had to make up for the lack of mass skill and organization by courage and sacrifice of life.

But, until the replacement centers are ready, a selectee goes to a reception cen-

ter in one of the established camps. Stripped naked again, his clothing and dress suit case passed in at the window of a storage room, he is in for the once over of the third examination. This looks particularly to nose and throat and to make sure he has developed no weakness or infection. The rare man who fails to pass receives his dress suit case and clothes back at an opposite window. The others are ready to start their army wardrobe by getting into their undies and socks.

"Move along—make room!" is frequently the word to those who have all their outfits. They are forming a crowd, formed "even as you and I." A man waits for his side-kick, his bunkie, as it was in the old army days in the West, his buddy in the World War.

Comrades are allowed to remain together where possible as they are settled in their army home. In that northern camp I have in mind there were square tents twelve by twelve, with board floors and sides in sight of new regular wooden barracks in process of construction. Each tent had six cots, with head room and foot room and a good space in the center around the stove.

I thought back to having slept on the ground shoulder to shoulder in the outer circle and foot to foot in the inner circle in the old round Sibley tent of my first army experience.

And each man in the square tent had not only a padded comfortable with the regulation blankets, but white sheets and pillows with white cases. If he didn't have one already he was due for a trunk, officer size, at the foot of his bed.

In memory of the sardine-packed transports to France and of all the gamut in France ending with the Meuse-Argonne—how come? How get all this stuff to the front in time of war?

In case of war it would be left behind. But we were not at war. Why should not a man preparing to fight for his country on thirty per cent have some of the comforts which those who get much higher pay have in civil life?

Going over the camp, near one of our big cities, I had another Legion thrill in how we were cashing in on our part in Americanization. We stood for stopping the flood of aliens which had been entering our country. It is an old story how a score of different languages were spoken in one of our World War Divisions. Now the sons of the immigrants have grown up and been through our schools, where among other things they learned the salute to the flag and all that it implies.

Probably it was not true of all the men in the camp, but none I heard speak had a foreign accent. All spoke English, or what the English call American, which is good enough for us. It is that of our American race. And this is an aid to unity, solidarity, teamwork, in the making of the new American Army, which

should be absolutely bred-in-the-bone American.

Yet you may be of five generations of American birth and not as good an American as your remote pioneer ancestors. I recall how the men of one battalion in France, who were largely of German birth or first generation in America, fought in deadly hand-to-hand battle, in a woods in the moonlight through the night against German veterans, and the next day fought them on up a slope to conquer a steep hill. In throaty and intimately profane German the hard-breathing fighters girded and challenged each other.

Thus many men of the A.E.F. fought to the death against an enemy of their own racial origin. And the sons of those gallant fighters are American in the heritage of their fathers' Americanization in the red-blooded test of battle.

Fellowship and not suspicion is the word for selectees of foreign birth who bring to our new Army the same spirit and courage as these foreign-born who were in ours. But for the intractable, subversive one—a totalitarian dopester who would undermine our way of life—should he slip through the sieve into the ranks, the methods employed in the A.E.F. apply.

Either his fellow soldiers give him the works or he will be subjected to an A.E.F. process which was little advertised. Let the suspect know you have a line on him, and he takes cover. Let him commit himself, then you have him . . .



"He shouldn't come down two steps at a time . . . it's dangerous!"

By this time he will wish he was back in one of the awkward squads I saw getting the primer lessons as awkward squads have from Washington's day on. When they are advanced enough they will be fed into the National Guard Division in the camp. How that Division has improved since I saw it in maneuvers last August when it was surprisingly good, considering how little training, relatively, the Guard normally receives.

This Division, with no business in hand except soldiering, is as far ahead of what it was then as the Division in one of our cantonments in 1917-18 was ahead in its fourth month of what it was in its second. By the time you read these words it will be hardened, wise in teamwork, ready for anything that comes.

What a change in formations and commands! Set in the old ones the men of a veteran Division, which had General Pershing's approval on inspection, would have to return to the awkward squad to learn the new ones if they did not want to act like rookies who had never been on a drill ground before. This old timer is still a little confused.

No more squads of eight, but squads of nines and twelves. Columns of twos. A column of fours is two parallel columns. No "Right Front into Line," "Right by Squads," or "Squads Right About," for example. It seems as though all was summed up in "Right Face—Shoulder Arms—Forward March—Halt."

If you have a son in camp ask him to do his stunt and then you do yours and you will see how simple the drill is compared with the complexity of your day. The object is to reduce the preliminary training of the old school of discipline to the absolute essentials in order that in the modern complexity of weapons a man may the sooner be on the way to know the weapon which he is to use.

A selectee may have his choice of arms, where practicable. He is subject to an examination as to qualifications. What he wants to do may not be what he can do best. The driver of a taxi may want to be in a tank, but driving a tank is quite a different job from driving a taxi. Questioning after induction seeks to put the round pegs in the round and the square pegs in the square holes. It took months to do this after we were in the World War.

If the selectee, for example, is a coppersmith, an electric or acetylene welder, a pigeon fancier, a coppersmith or a crane hoist operator, that is down on his record. At thirty-five he may be sent at once into industrial service, where we have such a crying need for skilled labor for our arms and our two-ocean Navy programs. That leaves younger men for combat training. The younger men will be listed for summons after they become reserves.

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AND WORTHY OF THEIR Sires

(Continued from page 39)

And the servant of all the mechanization is still the infantry. The man is master of the arms. The doughboys may ride up to the front in trucks, but they will have to fight on their feet. Planes, tanks, guns may blast the way for them but they take and hold the ground. They must know as of old how to intrench, camouflage and take cover. Speed, speed is the watchword in modern war—speed and mobility in an army of hardbitten specialists, every weapon doing its part in team work.

And the officers to whom the mothers entrust the selectee sons? Many a "loolie" of 1917 would not get a commission in the new Army. Back then there was the same mad haste in making officers as in rushing men to the training camps. Now the officers also are very much selectee. The R.O.T.C. put chosen college men through the long

course to learn just who had the goods and who didn't. In this, it seems to me, the new Army is far better off than ours.

Time in peace to train is the great advantage, not forgetting that we face a grave emergency. There will be setbacks and delays. Some mothers will be worried about the care of their sons. They will hear false rumors that an infectious disease is in camp. There will be other alarms. Legion mothers can advise other mothers. They, too, will be on the watch, but they know the way to be a soldier and to win any war at the least cost is to be a real honest-to-God, trained, toughened, aggressive fighter.

Far from a minor thrill in that camp was how the selectees were already acquiring one piece of capital in deeply rooted Americanism which they will have for life. That is the fellowship of knowing, understanding and appreciating a man for a man's worth, regardless of

bank account or position—which is one piece of wealth all Legionnaires have no matter how poor they may be in worldly goods. Whether the selectees have to fight a war or not—and we all pray that they will not—when they come home they will share this wealth with us, and be the better citizens of our democracy. We are back of them and will keep step with them.

As Legionnaires we shall better realize what we owe to them if they have to go to war, and we shall glow with the thought that they also owe something to us. As one selectee who is the son of a Legionnaire said: "I want to be worthy of my father and mother." That youngster will set a good example for his comrades.

"But how about the Navy?" I hear some gob say, very modestly, of course, yet so he can be heard when he is outnumbered in a post meeting. There are only volunteers in the Navy, but then also very much selectees. They are going to the regular training centers, lot after lot, to prepare to man the two-ocean Navy. The Navy is the first line of defense, and the Marines will be out there, too, unless they are chained down.

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back-in-America members want to take advantage of his offer.

FRED BARTON'S *One Less Bottleneck* in the December issue, the story of the Connecticut Plan which has helped that highly industrialized State speed up its national defense contribution, unintentionally left out the part which one important agency in the State had in the carrying out of the plan. That agency is the Connecticut State Employment Service, whose able director is Legionnaire Leonard J. Maloney. Here are some of the things Comrade Maloney's office did to insure the plan's success:

1. The research work which gave the Governor the state and town unemployment figures on which the idea is based was done by the Employment Service.

2. In a great many instances the local employment office manager initiated the organization of the local employment committee.

3. All selections for the training courses were made by the employment offices at the insistence of the State Department of Education, in order that the best possible qualified material would be secured.

4. All graduates of the schools are placed by the employment offices.

5. In order that all candidates might be tested for mechanical aptitudes the Connecticut State Employment Service supplemented the work of the four Adult Guidance Clinics of the Department of Education by organizing the first statewide testing unit undertaken by a State Employment service.

The Message Center

6. By the closest kind of coöperation with the Division of Vocational Education and the employers of the State the employment offices have been able to place almost all trainees upon graduation.

THE fighting between the Italians and Greeks makes timely Robert Ginsburgh's *Taps for the Army Mule*. In that mountainous Albanian terrain which saw furious fighting in the final weeks of 1940 the mules on both sides did a grand job along rutty roads and trails that bogged down mechanized equipment. But even the mules at times found it virtually impossible to carry on in the deep snows, and in mid-December a United Press dispatch from the Greek forces told of an order given by Greek commanders to the soldiers to shoot mules abandoned by the Italians, citing the fact that, having been trained to take commands in the Italian language, they were useless to the Greeks. Is there an ex-muleskinner in the audience, softened by some twenty-two years of civilian life, who wants to say a good word for the *mules?

A CROSS the Mediterranean Sea from Greece, in Egypt and the adjoining Libyan country, the latter under Italy's domination, in which during the spring of 1805, William Eaton, the Yankee ex-consul, performed almost

fabulously heroic feats (see *The Consul's Mob*, American Legion Magazine, May, 1940), the British, as these lines are written, have been pushing back the Italian forces in a desert blitzkrieg. In that terrain at the top of Africa, camels and donkeys carry a good part of an army's burdens. The mule being the offspring of a male donkey and a mare, we thought you might be interested in the characterization of the African donkey provided by Guy de Maupassant in his inimitable *Tartarin of Tarascon*. In that priceless tale a chiseler who at the moment is masquerading as a prince of Montenegro tells Tartarin, the would-be lion hunter, the following about the French colonial organization:

"As weak and as sorry as he appears to you, the Algerian donkey has solid loins. He has to, to carry what he does. Here is how the Arabs explain our colonial set-up. At the top, they say, there is monsieur the governor with a big club, with which he beats the staff major; the staff major, to get his vengeance, beats the soldier; the soldier beats the colonist, the colonist beats the Arab, the Arab beats the Negro, the Negro beats the Jew, the Jew in his turn beats the donkey; and the poor little donkey, not having anyone to beat, stiffens his backbone and carries the whole works."

That's a pretty free translation from the French, and it is *not* guaranteed.

THE EDITORS



OURS EVER TO CHERISH

(Continued from page 3)

had his adventures as a leather-stockinged volunteer in the Black Hawk War. Edison, the itinerant telegrapher, drifted among the Lake Shore cities, to St. Louis, Nashville, Memphis, New Orleans, Louisville, Indianapolis, thence to Boston and finally to New York. When he crossed to New Jersey the Hudson became his River of Destiny, for it was a few years later at Menlo Park that he startled the world with the incandescent electric lamp that was in a comparatively short time to brighten the highways and byways of the world.

Edison became internationally renowned at an earlier age than did either Washington or Lincoln, and played a leading role for more than half a century in one of the most intense sagas of scientific discovery in history. Although only thirty-two years old at the time of the invention of the electric light he was already called "the Old Man" by his associates, an appellation that stuck to him until his death. His peerless persistence in the pursuit of productive phenomena paraded forth products behind which mankind marched to new heights and which emancipated the race from an

agricultural servitude that had endured thousands of years.

"The Father of His Country," a Beau Brummel in attire, Romanesque in stature, was the fearless and fastidious leader of a cause that was all but lost. Lincoln was the gaunt, gangling country lawyer whose shawl-covered shoulders never bent under the burdens of a great war. Edison was the quiet, simple, deaf, sleepless worker of wonders which enabled man to labor less and enjoy more. America's Trio Triumphant all tasted the gall of defeat and all sipped the wine of victory. They trod the trail of triumph and trial. Washington had his Valley Forge and his Yorktown; Lincoln experienced Bull Run and Gettysburg; Edison suffered his great defeat after years of experimentation and the expenditure of millions of dollars when the discovery of the rich iron ore deposits in the Mesaba Range, Minnesota, made practically useless his magnetic iron ore separator. But he saw his challenge to the stars triumph at Menlo Park.

Washington lived for the glory of his first inauguration at the head of a new free government. Lincoln enjoyed the

knowledge that Appomattox Court House presaged the fulfillment of his dream of a reunited people. Edison lived to see his brain children become the universal servants of mankind.

The late Hudson Maxim, during one of his visits to the Edison laboratories, engaged "the Old Man" in one of those historical tete-a-tetes that so often marked their meetings. It was the day the *Lusitania* was sunk. Both were keen students of American history. I recall Edison saying: "Washington was the Will of America and Lincoln was its Soul." If that be the case, surely Edison by his innumerable contributions to the comforts and conveniences of the Human Family may be called "the Body of America."

After his second term as President, Washington retired to Mt. Vernon. Here he died when sixty-seven years old. The republic, still in its swaddling clothes, bowed its head in its first great grief and the nation declared its initial day of mourning.

Lincoln at fifty-six was the Good Friday victim of the bullet fired by John Wilkes Booth. The world was shocked at the untimely end of "Honest Abe," since grown in sacred memory as America's "Man of Sorrow."

Edison, whose empirical efforts covered a span almost equal to the life of Washington and greater than the total

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THREE IN A ROW...

YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

Old Drum Brand BLENDED WHISKEY: 90 and 86 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City



OURS EVER TO CHERISH

(Continued from page 41)

years enjoyed by Lincoln, died on October 18, 1931 at his home in Glenmont, Llewellyn Park, West Orange, New Jersey. Conscious of ebbing life of this modest modern Benefactor of Mankind, the mighty and lowly throughout civilization reverently received bulletins announcing the gradual sinking of him whose genius gave birth to "the Electrical Age."

In considering the public lives of Washington and Lincoln, neither matched the intensity of the exploratory career of the ever-searching Edison. Around Washington the forces of independence brought into being a new full government. Lincoln rededicated a great nation to the principle that "government of the people, by the people and for the people shall

not perish from the earth." Edison banished the spectre of nocturnal darkness from the civilized world and through his multitudinous inventive gifts tempered the severity of the Biblical dictum that man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Washington upon his death left one of the largest estates in the new Republic, while Lincoln's demise disclosed he had saved but little from his Presidential recompense. Edison was reported to have left an estate of approximately \$13,000,000. Had he devoted more time to business and less to inventing he might have been one of the wealthiest men in history. The asset value of the companies operating in the United States under his patents, according to the figures upon

which he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, amounted to \$15,599,000.000 in 1928. This was then three billion dollars in excess of the total value of the monetary gold of the world.

The first Commander-in-Chief sleeps amid the pastoral peace of his beloved Mount Vernon. The martyred Lincoln is enshrined in a tomb of national esteem at Springfield, Illinois. All that is mortal of Edison rests in a simple grave in Rosedale Cemetery, Orange, New Jersey.

History, severe judge of the ages, will one day make her final judgment of the respective merits of these famous sons of February. The importance of their deeds compared with those of their contemporaries has already elevated them to lofty heights. Time, the great Common Denominator, will reveal these three great epoch-making Americans as the leaders of our first one hundred and fifty years. Judged by the effects of their lives on our national character and destiny they were the pre-eminent citizens of their day.

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enemy bombs in mid-air and make them impotent.

He builds a wooden model and blocks out what he can't build in simple pencil sketches. He shows the idea to the local police chief and the head of the American Legion Post. They think the idea will work!

But what can Roger do with it? He has no powerful friends, no lobby, no political pull. The town where he lives is a tiny flyspeck on the map. Will anybody at Washington, D. C., care to even look at Roger Swift's invention?

The answer is, YOU BET THEY WILL!

A whole new setup has been devised to reach out for new inventions that can aid the national defense. It is called:

The National Inventors' Council
Room 7424, Department of Commerce
Building,
Washington, D. C.

It is headed by big, sure-enough inventors, with the Commissioner of Patents serving as one member of the council and Dr. Charles F. Kettering, head of General Motors Research Laboratories, acting as chairman. The names of his associates are household words in America.

The National Inventors' Council has blood in its eye. It means business. It realizes that the only way to postpone or prevent war is to be so almighty tough that nobody wants to fight with you. Peaceable, competent United States Patent Commissioner Conway P. Coe sounds the keynote when he says:

An invention which would unfailingly destroy planes and vessels and tanks would at the same time safeguard the air, the water, and the land for peaceful communication and commerce.

That's a Great Idea

He goes on: "America has contributed the inventions that have most signally benefited the world in the past century. We recognize the need of American science and invention as sources of protection. The recruiting of these powerful aids to the national defense has begun."

In the past, the War and Navy Departments didn't have the time to bother too much with outside inventors. New inventions have been adopted, to be sure, but generally only after being polished and perfected, with all the "bugs" taken out. But raw ideas, only partially developed, were not welcomed.

In the World War, you may recall, various inventors rendered individual service developing listening devices for ships, gas-masks, tear-gas, and so on. But the great body of home tinkerers, whose brains have leavened this nation for 150 years, were left out of the picture.

Now for the first time inventors are brought into the preparedness picture. A bill known as "Public 700," passed by the Congress and signed by the President, set up the National Inventors' Council and authorized it to do something which the Patent Office is prohibited by statute from doing, and that is, to look at an uncompleted invention and express an opinion as to its usefulness and uniqueness. The National Inventors' Council can and will extend unusual coöperation to inventors, known or unknown, tested or untried, provided only their idea promises to help national defense.

What happens when Roger Swift's defense idea comes to the National Inventors' Council? Well, sir, they're all ready for it. A group of trained engineers,

sworn to special secrecy, opens the mail and makes a preliminary grading. Some ideas are too vague, let us say; some totally impractical; some will duplicate experiments and inventions already in the works. These will be sent back with a polite letter of thanks.

Ideas that are new and that look to be workable, even if raw and unfinished, may be turned over to some established inventor to complete and perfect. Such a man as Elmer A. Sperry, perhaps, or John Hays Hammond, Jr. The Patent Office has given the National Inventors' Council a list of the country's leading inventors and the fields in which they are tops.

Maybe Roger should be permitted to work further on his idea, in some huge company laboratory, or in some technical school, such as Franklin Institute. The National Inventors' Council will know what to do, if the idea has merit.

From the first announcement last summer—they called it the National Defense Inventors' Council then, and the name completely describes it—some 6,000 would-be defense inventions were received up to December 1st. New defense suggestions and inventions are pouring into the headquarters of the National Inventors' Council at the rate of 125 to 150 a day.

What percent of these is proving workable, is an official secret. What deadly new weapons of offense and what merciful agencies of defense are being developed, to produce an American blitzkrieg if ever needed, will not be revealed until the time comes for action.

Very possibly some new ideas are even

now being tested by Army and Navy airplanes and Navy ships and Army gunners.

Very possibly some hitherto inconspicuous small-town inventor is even now selling his invention to the Army or Navy, or licensing its use for defense purposes. But you won't get any whisper of this out of those in charge at Washington, D. C.! They keep their records in a special safe, and their new inventions locked away where only a very few men, and those highly trusted, can even tell what is there, and what is happening to it.

Will some American inventor, amateur or otherwise, find a way to outsmart that German idea whereby a bombing airplane operates on a radio beam from Germany and intercepts a cross beam from German-occupied Norway and drops bombs automatically when the plane enters London?

Can some American inventor find a way to prevent aviator's "blackout," which comes from the terrific rush of blood to the head when a plane comes out of a dive of more than eight miles a minute? German war-pilots are said to lean forward and rest their foreheads on a small saddle, because the centrifugal force is so tremendous they can't hold their heads up. Would a light rubber mask, with an oxygen supply, be a better answer? Or something entirely different and new?

The English licked the problem of under-water bombs that sneaked up under a ship and exploded when the iron vessels released hidden magnets. Likewise the problem of airplanes being set on fire by tracer bullets has been pretty well ended by using leakproof tanks, sealed with gummy rubber. Aircraft can be armored, too, to cheat ordinary machine-gun fire. Vigilant inventors have given the fighting forces of Britain a chance.

Our own country has its share of new inventions. Many of them are shrouded in secrecy, and justifiably so. You hear rumors of a new bridge-control for United States warships that obsoletes the old slow banjo-signals to the engine-room. If you are lucky enough to visit a new U. S. destroyer—one of the type that replaces the "over-age" destroyers traded to Britain in return for new Atlantic air-bases—you see many inventions, designed for the safety of the ship and the comfort and safety of its officers and enlisted men. From the walls of the officers' messroom, paneled in broad sheets of smooth plastic, to the complete machine-shop where torn plates can be restored and the damaged ship almost rebuilt at sea, you find American ingenuity has been at work. And there is much that you and I, as casual visitors, either do not see or are not permitted to see. And that also is well.

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"Hurry Up Now! Pa's Waiting!"

THE kitchen stove used to feel pretty good on a winter's Saturday night when the thermometer was down around zero. So did the heated flatiron in the foot of the bed. But how many of us would trade the comfort and privacy of our modern, heated bathrooms for the cramped discomfort of the wooden tub and the sting of the home-made soap? And who wants to lug out the water afterward and mop up the kitchen floor?

There are a lot more of today's home conveniences that we wouldn't trade for their counterparts of the "good old days." The electric washer, for instance, for the scrubbing board; the electric light for the messy coal-oil lamp; the furnace for the parlor base-burner.

Most of us are incomparably richer than the people of a generation ago—not so much in money, perhaps, but in the things our money will buy. And in most cases these are the products of American industry—manufactured articles that have been developed by industry, improved, made less and less expensive so that more millions of people can afford them.

In almost every manufacturing improvement that has made this progress possible, electricity has played a vital part. And the scientists, engineers, and workmen of General Electric, who have done so much to make electricity more useful, are still seeking ways for electricity to help in the creation of More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

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That's a Great Idea

(Continued from page 43)

NOW there is something an article of this kind should say to any would-be inventor—and I trust I am not other than modest in expressing the hope that this article will be read and that it will be found helpful.

If I could talk to every Legionnaire and his son, in person, I'd say, *before you go all out on some new invention of yours, spend a little time and money finding out what has gone before!*

It has long been the experience of the Patent Office that ideas come in bunches. The times create certain conditions, and many similar-minded inventors produce almost an identical answer, and often almost at the same time. Even with such outstanding inventions as radio, they say, "If one man hadn't invented it, somebody else would have thought of the very same thing, the very next day."

So an embryo inventor travels a path not as unique as he sometimes imagines. His idea will have to compete in the markets of the world. If he has a possible *defense* invention, he can submit it to the National Inventors' Council—I say this again, for clarity—and receive a professional opinion, without hiring a patent lawyer or incurring a single cent of expense. And his idea remains his. It will not be pirated or stolen. If not used, it will be returned to him.

But when Roger Swift or any other amateur inventor starts to invent something useful in peacetime, he becomes a fellow who needs a friend. Ideas are not actually as scarce as you sometimes believe. And seldom does the world beat that much-talked-about path to the inventor's door. Not while the inventor is lonesome and hungry, that is! In inventions as in other activities, nothing succeeds like success. The beginner has always a hard row to hoe.

For instance, in 1865 a man named S. R. Calthrop got a patent on a streamlined railroad coach. In the 1890's two or three patents were issued for streamlined trains. The electric razor was first patented in 1892. The diesel engine was invented in 1895, and Mr. Diesel committed suicide by drowning, broke and discouraged, in 1914. Air conditioning dates back many years. The first "zipper" was invented in 1893, and there have been over 100 similar patents and improvements since then.

Many patents cover very simple ideas. In the glass industry, for instance, the glass-blowers invariably died of tuberculosis until an observant fellow cut a small vent in the iron blow-pipe, thus equalizing the air-pressure and preventing damage to the lungs. Some improvements yield greater returns than do some original patents. In making paper, for

instance, a machine about as long as a city block picks up a film of paper-pulp and passes it from roller to roller, coating the paper and polishing its surface as it travels along. Formerly such machines caused trouble—the film of paper would sag and tear. "Let's raise the front end of the machine by 12 inches!" suggested an inventor.

They did. After that the long, endless, heavy and expensive web of paper flowed down from roller to roller and onto the winding spindle partly by gravity. Every-



"What in hell was I thinking about when I bought these scales?"

thing was smooth and flawless. And the inventor, I am told, was given a patent worth millions.

"But why 12 inches?" you probably would ask, just as I did. And the answer is prompt: "Raise the machine 10 inches and the idea won't work. Raise it 14 inches and the paper ripples. Twelve inches is just right: it's that close."

You can't of course patent an idea: that is fundamental. You can only patent a physical means for carrying out that idea. This is one of the most misunderstood things about patents.

A patent is an agreement whereby the United States Patent Office gives you 17 years' protection—a temporary monopoly, in fact—on your idea, on the condition that after those 17 years are up your idea becomes public property. The Patent Office has helped to enrich America and make it the land of opportunity it has become.

There is a fascinating universality

about patents. Your next-door neighbor may be an inventor! Newton D. Baker invented a hand vacuum-cleaner for dusting the books in his library. Abraham Lincoln patented a new kind of steam-boat. Mark Twain patented a self-gluing scrapbook. Albert Einstein took a vacation from his theory of relativity and invented something he hoped would be generally useful. Anybody may be an inventor!

The largest single patent ever issued was recently awarded to Alfred E. Ischinger of Reading, Pa. It bears the number 2,101,048 and covers a machine for making full-fashioned hosiery, 26 complete stockings at one time. The drawings alone for this invention covered 170 sheets, and the text covered nearly a thousand pages. This is one of the few patents you cannot buy a copy of for a dime! The Patent Office spent \$1,200 to print up 100 copies of this, as required by law, but is in no hurry to reprint this lengthy job.

On all other matters, however, the Patent Office is happy to send you copies of patents, along any and all lines, for the standard rate of a dime apiece. The Patent Office does millions of dollars' worth in these 10-cent sales a year, "more than any other five-and-ten cent store in the country," some will tell you. Anybody can search through the trays of printed patents and order what he wants. The reading room is open to the public, as is practically the entire Patent Office. I would advise any would-be inventor to visit the Patent Office in person, if humanly possible. At least send for their free booklets of help and information for those planning to take out a patent!

A layman is amazed at the multiplicity of patents. For instance, the Bell Telephone Company is said to have 9,500 active patents. None of them, oddly enough, include the basic ideas of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, for those have long since run out. It is possible (and some small firms are doing so) to make a workable telephone without paying royalties of any kind to the telephone company. But of course the patents covering the newest improvements in telephones are still operative.

The more than two million inventions filed at the Patent Office are arranged in groups according to a well-thought-out system of classification. The big book which indexes all possible activities a man can engage in numbers over 30,000 headings! The examining corps of the Patent Office is divided into 65 sections or divisions, each headed by an expert who is both a graduate engineer and a lawyer. Each section specializes in a particular subject, or assortment of subjects.

One large and growing classification is No. 102, "Ammunition and Explosive Devices." Here you find a sub-heading to list all kinds of torpedoes, which means explosive devices which are dropped

only, having no propeller. Here you find land-mines (which Hitler calls "booby-traps": you leave them, and someone comes along and moves something and sets it off.) Here also are submarine mines, and cartridges—all kinds; and projectiles, both capped and covered. And shells, including hand grenades. And high explosives: fuses, combinations, electric and percussion. And lubricating and self-rotating explosives. And shells containing filaments, of which there are many kinds.

Oddly enough, the rough idea for some of these shells goes back to Civil War days, although some of them were only made possible by recent inventions and improvements both in the necessary wiring and firing devices and in the explosives contained.

There is a general belief that such highly technical devices as a bomb-sight for airplanes are entirely secret. Such is not the case. Quite an assortment of bomb-sights, some perfected by noted inventors, may be examined by anybody who visits the Patent Office, and printed copies are available to anybody for a dime apiece. Yes, you can look at bomb-sight patents. But not at the surest bomb-sight of them all, which the War Department holds as its special secret for use only by U. S. Army war-pilots.

Perhaps it is well to say a word about expense. When any inventor, newcomer or veteran, files a patent application at the Patent Office, he sends along money order or bank draft for \$30, to cover the filing fee. The Patent Office then makes a search, to discover if the idea is new, if it does not conflict with or infringe upon already existing patents, and if it is "useful." "Useful" is interpreted rather broadly! It means merely that the gadget be not injurious to public health or morals.

When the patent is issued a second \$30 changes hands. In addition, there is the expense of drawings and the accurate stating of the claims which the patent is intended to cover. This work practically requires an experienced patent lawyer. Average cost for obtaining a patent is probably \$150 to \$200.

And that is no assurance that the invention will ever "work" or ever find a customer. The Patent Office can give no guarantee as to the economic profitability of a new idea. A patent is not an insurance policy! Some inventors do indeed make a fortune from the children of their brain. Amateur inventors sometimes lose their hard-earned \$150 and get nothing in return but the satisfaction that comes from a useful new experience.

Many inventors are employed full-time in company laboratories and assign their inventions to the company they work for in return for a steady salary plus a bonus for good ideas. The average small-town tinkerer who has a knack for in-

(Continued on page 46)



**SHE'S not ashamed
of her**

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That's a Great Idea

(Continued from page 45)

venting might well get himself a job at the local furnace-works and invent only something the firm can immediately use. His cash return that way may not be large, but it will be sure. And after all, inventors—like artists, poets, authors and other creators—must first crawl, then walk, before they can run. Or fly.

Fifty-five percent of the 1,000 patents taken out every week (that means more than 50,000 new inventions a year!) are assigned to manufacturers at the time the patent is issued. Inventing has become a standard business. Every company of any permanence maintains an experimental department which seeks to improve the company's product and thus insure a wider and more enthusiastic public reception. America's customers today are invention-minded.

Having a steady job permits an inventor to stay with an idea and take all bugs out of it. And most new ideas have some troubles you don't see at the start.

For instance! A well-known manufacturer of printing-presses for newspapers has for years been trying to get papers printed faster. He aims for an eventual printing speed of 80,000 impressions an hour! (It wasn't so long ago that half this speed was considered phenomenal.) But the ink couldn't dry fast enough. It smudged. So the manufacturer called upon an inventor to develop a faster-drying ink.

The inventor was Carleton Ellis, of Montclair, New Jersey. Mr. Ellis spent some months on the task. He finally perfected a printing ink which stays tacky at normal temperatures but dries instantly when you raise it a few degrees.

(Continued from page 15)

Britain, for however The American Legion may adopt resolutions of aid to Britain, there has existed in the United States a post-World War literature reiterating that we were hornswoggled into that war by British propaganda.

Had any doubts existed in the minds of Legionnaires that a nation's desire for peace through neutrality means nothing to dictators, events in Europe since last May had disastrously demonstrated the tragic folly of such delusions. It was in the light of all this that the Legion's Boston Convention resolution said:

"No more costly mistake in statecraft can be made than a program which envisages initial fighting upon our continental frontiers, thus bringing a war to our own homes. What happens in such a case is all too patent in the situation of the British Isles today. We want America strong enough to meet any possible invasion before it arrives and to turn the invader back so that our homes remain intact and our families secure."

So they set up a printing-press and made their tests. That was expensive business, because when presses revolve that fast they consume \$200 worth of newsprint a minute!

The experiment was an exciting affair. The ink dried—ah, it dried all too well! In fact, in drying the ink got so hot that it exploded. The inventor had to get to work and "un-invent" his product. But he licked that problem eventually, as everyone knew he would. In fact that was Mr. Ellis' 754th United States patent! (Carleton Ellis holds more patents than any other living American.) And you can get a copy of his fast-drying ink patent, No. 2,220,61, issued November 5, 1940, for 10 cents by sending your order and dime (no stamps) to the Commissioner of Patents at Washington, D. C.

OH, YES, the big fellows and the experts have their troubles too. The only difference is that they are financed so they can stay with a problem until they get the one perfect answer. That makes a tremendous difference.

But the country wants and needs more inventions. The immediate demand is for defense inventions. And to help meet that need the country's biggest inventors may be called upon to *help any amateur inventor put the final polish on his wartime invention*. That's what the National Inventors' Council is for.

Is there still room for new ideas, both in peacetime and war? Or have we reached the top? I asked that question of Dr. Charles F. Kettering, head of General Motors Research Corporation, and chairman of the National Inventors'

Council. Said Kettering:

"We've just begun! This country has always been rich in men, materials and money. We have been poor in projects. We haven't known what to undertake next. That has been our problem."

"In this defense business, if we are smart enough to set up our munitions plants so they can be used for creative industry when the emergency is over, that will be fine."

"We really know very little about anything. For instance, we used to bend a clutch-spring in the laboratory, and it would break after 20,000 bendings. Then we shower that spring with a shot-blast and it goes 20 MILLION times without breaking. Now none of us knows why peppering that piece of spring with a blast of lead-shot makes those molecules change so the spring doesn't break."

"Boss" Kettering is—I say it respectfully—a country "boy" who has never lost his boyish curiosity. He holds it to earth with a zealot's earnestness and with the thoroughness of a scientist. It is good to know that an essential portion of the nation's defense is intrusted to men like that, who still have an appetite for eager living and who, far from being worn and tired and blasé, honestly think they don't yet know many of the answers to the questions they see posed all about them.

So go to it, Roger Swift, amateur inventor, wherever you are! Finish that defense invention and let the National Inventors' Council hear about it. You may have something the country wants and can use. They'll help you perfect the idea. And if you're another Thomas A. Edison, or Eli Whitney, or Dr. Bell, or other home-grown genius, you'll find a ready welcome from men trained to recognize a useful new idea and help to make it tick.

MARS and the MAPLE LEAF

To achieve that end there now exists a Permanent Joint Board of Defense of Canada and the United States. Although few details of this defense collaboration have been made public by the naval, air and army officers of both countries who compose its working membership, its scope is not limited to the Atlantic, but encompasses defense in the Pacific so vital to us.

"The setting up of the Board imposes no obligation on either country," states Colonel Oliver Mowat Biggar, chairman of the Canadian section of the board. "The board's function is to study the problems which arise and to report from time to time to the two governments the steps it thinks should be taken.

Some of these steps relate to things which have to be done by each government in advance of actual attack, so that if one is made the necessary facilities will be available to meet it. These steps are no less important than those others which relate to the carrying out of joint or concerted operations by the forces of the two countries together, if and when these are directed. . . . With the problems under continuous study . . . everything which can be done in advance for the protection of both countries against direct attack, has been done.

"Once joint measures of defense have been agreed upon Canada will know she will not be left alone even for a day to

resist an attack upon her coasts. She can view with a quiet mind the dispatch overseas of her troops, her aircraft and ships and the munitions she is making."

The United States already has been granted a site for an air and naval base in the north, although the site is not properly a part of the Dominion of Canada. It is on the southern shore of



Newfoundland, which, despite its geographical contiguity to the Dominion, maintains its political status of a Crown Colony with a lieutenant-governor appointed by the British King. At the moment Canadian troops and ships defend that area. The exact location of the American base has not been revealed, but strategically it is of great importance to the United States. Not only will it make possible interception of any air or sea attack from possible enemy North Atlantic bases; it will dominate two French islands off Newfoundland's southern coast, St. Pierre and Miquelon. These tiny islands, which served as important bases for rum-runners during the Prohibition era, remain under the rule of the Vichy Government. With the co-operative attitude of that government to Nazi Germany there is possibility these islands might be turned over to the Nazis.

The American Legion long has endorsed the project of an international highway to link the continental United States with Alaska. The strategic importance of Alaska to defense of the United States in the Pacific is attested by the building in that far northern territory of new defense bases to cost \$47,000,000. The weakness of those new bases is that all supplies must be delivered by sea. The proposed highway, 1200 miles long and twenty-four feet wide, would enable trucks to make the trip in three days. Up to the present this project has been studied and discussed only. An important consideration has been that the road would travel chiefly through the Province of British Columbia. Provincial rights, no less dear to Canada's nine provinces than state rights are to us, are involved. Also, Canada must consider that should an enemy

succeed in invading Alaska, the highway would no less serve the enemy in carrying its invasion south. It is not known definitely whether this project so vital to American Pacific defense is a part of the agenda of the Joint Board of Defense but in the expanding co-operative spirit there is reason to believe that constructive action will eventuate and speedily.

The six destroyers taken over by the Canadians exactly doubled the size of the Canadian destroyer fleet. To six of these naval greyhounds being operated at the outbreak of war, Canada had secured delivery of two additional ships in the interim. One was lost in action during the withdrawal from Dunkirk, another sunk in a collision last October.

Although there were no personal contacts in the delivery of our obsolete tanks, the same camaraderie that marked the transfer of the destroyers was expressed in greetings and expressions of good will chalked on the armored sides. Those tanks incidentally are serving Canadian forces valuably, enabling the practice of tactics in group maneuvers. Canadian officers boast they have the best tank soldiers in the world, and surprisingly enough, this statement is based on selection of men from the agricultural areas. In Canada as in the United States farming now is largely mechanized. Long practice in making balky tractors perform has provided priceless experience in maintaining the mechanical functioning of tanks. The truth is that many of the American tanks needed such services. They were not only obsolete but decrepit.

For her foot-soldiers Canada has received many thousand obsolete rifles from our World War surplus, and these too have helped. But tanks and rifles are incidental to Canada's air effort.

To understand the full scope of collaboration by the United States in the air phase of Canadian defense one should know its background. From World War days there has always existed the peculiarly close bonds of the flying fraternity between American and Canadian airmen. Many Americans served in the Canadian air force. When the short days and severe weather of Canada's winter threatened serious delay to the training program, large numbers of Canadians trained on our southwestern flying fields after America entered the war. Ever since there has been an active interchange of flying men and ideas. Several Canadian pilots helped pioneer America's air mail system. An American was the first president and organizer of Canada's transcontinental airways system. From private flying to Canada's unparalleled commercial fleet of air freighters American planes always have been preferred by Canadian pilots.

The spirit of this winged brotherhood today is stronger than ever, and several hundred Americans are now active in

(Continued on page 48)

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MARS and the MAPLE LEAF

(Continued from page 47)

Canada's air efforts in various ways. Some 300 already-trained American pilots have been commissioned directly as officers in the Royal Canadian Air Force, with additional applicants still volunteering daily. The majority are engaged in the training phase, though some are anxious to serve overseas and a few are taking part in Britain's defense. In addition, scores of youngsters are enrolled as cadets—many after attempts to secure flight training with the United States army or navy air arms had proved unsuccessful. For both of these groups, and a substantial number of Americans serving with the ground forces as well, it has not been necessary for them to lose their standing as American citizens. This has been accomplished by an oath of obedience to all superior officers instead of an oath of allegiance to the King.

Additionally, some fifty American pilots are engaged as flight and navigation instructors under civil contracts. Still another group of even larger size has been accepted for ferry work on a civil contract basis. Some of the latter have gone on to England, where their duty is to deliver ships from aircraft factories to the fighting forces at their scattered bases. It sounds quite simple, aside from the hazards of Nazi air bombs, but actually a strict requirement is an instrument rating—the qualification of a skilled navigator. This is because an exact prescribed course must be flown from factory to air base to avoid the unseen cables of barrage balloons and to prevent being fired upon by anti-aircraft batteries. Another and still more hazardous phase of ferry work is represented for American volunteers who will make deliveries of American-built fighting craft by air across the Atlantic, returning through submarine-infested waters to fly again.

There was still another American group which rushed to the aid of Canada when the blitzkrieg was launched against the neutral countries last spring and obsolete American army and navy planes were made available to help fight off the impending attack on the British Isles. American civil pilots, without previous training on military planes, made these deliveries from United States flying fields to Canadian Atlantic ports without the loss of a single ship. There is no denying that a consideration in this service by civilian American pilots is largely prompted by generous payment but all personal contacts between the Canadian and American airmen have been marked by the same hearty cor-

diality and hospitality as attended the transfer of our destroyers.

Canada's most important air contribution to the war is officially known as the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, encompassing the Dominion as the production center for pilots from all the member states of the Empire. Already Australians in large numbers who have received primary flight training at home are on various Canadian flying fields engaged in advanced training before joining the combat forces in England.

At another flying field a thousand Norwegians, many of them former American citizens, are completing training as pilots. By the time this article appears the first units may likely be in action from a British base. This unit, financed by Norwegian funds and equipped with American-built bombing planes, is led by Bernt Balchen, who will be remembered as chief pilot for Admiral Byrd on his flights over the South Pole and the Atlantic. Incidentally, you may meet other famous American airmen in and out of uniform in Canada, Homer Berry, famed test pilot; Earl Ortman of racing fame; Frank Hunter of the Hunter brothers



"Hey, what are you doing!!"

endurance team, when who-can-stay-up-longest was a popular American flyingfad.

Exact figures cannot be given on the number of American military airplanes which play a vital role in Canada's vast air program, for one reason because most American planes purchased by the British government are delivered to and shipped from Canadian ports. Until you become familiar with Canadian designations one would not understand that

Harvards and Yales are versions of the North American basic trainer, that a Digby is our Douglas light bomber, a Hudson our Lockheed. Most are new, some obsolescent.

Canadian factories have been turning out British in addition to American types of aircraft. There has indeed been some exchange of technical information between R.C.A.F. and United States military airmen as pointed by the recent visit to a Canadian flying field of one of our Army pilots in a late model of the Army's fast pursuit job, a P-40. While Canadians tried out the American plane, one of the famous British Spitfires was in turn placed at the disposal of the American for a comparison of merits.

A policy looking to gradual concentration of all Dominion production on aircraft of United States design recently received wide publicity in Canada, though not officially confirmed. Logically, such a plan might be a policy of the Joint Defense Board, for not only does England need at home all the planes she can produce by reason of damage to her aircraft factories by Nazi bombs, but also because there is a growing hazard to all surface shipments in the face of the growing Nazi submarine and air blockade.

To those who criticize the expanding shipments of American planes abroad while our own air needs are patently inadequate, several answers are made by aviation authorities sympathetic to continued and increasing supply of aircraft to Canada and the United Kingdom. Disregarding the immediate urgency of England's grim fight to hold out, and the dollars and cents aspect as it helps to aid in solving America's unemployment problem, we are said to be gaining vast potential increased productive capacity by reason of expanded air plant facilities. Beyond that is the obvious fact that under war stimulus airplane designs change rapidly for improvement. Planes produced six months from now inevitably will possess characteristics far superior to the planes rolling off production lines today.

All these things the United States has done for Canada.

What, one might ask, can Canada give us in return above payment on a cash-and-carry basis? For one thing, the Dominion now has in operation more than one hundred flying fields with her expansion program still far from complete. Use of those bases by American military flyers in an emergency would do much to meet The American Legion's demand that we "turn the invader back so that our homes remain intact and our families secure." Standardized production of aircraft of the same military designs would be a further aid toward that purpose.

We also might look for help in our flight training program. In any extensive expansion of training, mistakes are

bound to occur. It is trite but true that no school is so valuable as the hard school of experience. Canada's training program by virtue of eighteen months of high-pressure experience is now at the point where but twenty-five weeks elapse between the reporting of a raw recruit cadet and his graduation to the pilot pool from where he is ready for quick finishing touches overseas and combat duty.

Canada insists her airmen are the best-trained in the world. If that is so, then she has appreciably shortened training from the period required to produce a finished military pilot in the United States. Canadian air leaders have stated that the methods in use on her training fields, together with the background of all the mistakes and lost motion which marked their learning the hard way, are available to United States air leaders for the asking. Certainly, considering her comparative population, the Dominion's present production of a thousand pilots a month is a reality which cannot fail to impress.

No small factor in this remarkable achievement has been the use made in the air program of Canada's World War veterans. Some five hundred World War flyers, most of them stepping from civilian activities not associated with aviation, have been key men in the project, and for that matter World War vets are everywhere in Canada's great war contribution. With the majority up from the ranks, 86 per cent of the officers leading Canadian forces overseas on July 1st were veterans of the World War.

Aside from Canada's potential aid in the air, there are other immediate contributions to aid re-arming here that may be ours for the asking. With due allowance for her smaller industrial plant Canada is pronounced nine months ahead of America in industrial war mobilization. With shortages in explosives an admitted problem in the States Canada is in a position to supply that need in almost any quantity. She has vast stores of small arms ammunition again after stripping her magazines all but bare when the invasion threat followed hard on the abandonment of British supplies on the continent. Her pulpwood industry is important because American supplies from Scandinavia have been halted by the war. Nickel and asbestos from her mines are other American needs she could and would meet.

What more we can do for Canada is the other side of the picture. She has great need of more engines, engines for aircraft, engines for tanks. If some way could be found to make available flying fields for her air training program in our southland it is obvious such facilities would be welcomed, for while snow and cold may be combatted, the winter days in the north result in critical shortage of daylight flying hours. Undoubtedly there are many other ways we might help. To make them known and arrange for them is the function of the Joint Planning Board.

This then is the present status of North American mutual defense through Canadian and United States collaboration.

Taps for the Army Mule

(Continued from page 21)

for salvation; and the animal shook himself and walked off.

Thousands of soldiers since then have learned that a mule responds most readily to epithets. Swearing among mule-skinners is proverbial. Efforts to correct the tendency never succeed. Among the muleteers of the Fourth Field Artillery, shortly after the World War, there was a feeling that the authorities in Washington were sending officers to the regiment who had a spotless reputation for "clean talking" in the hope that their example would influence the enlisted men. To this day, these veterans report with a chuckle how one after the other of the new arrivals changed his vocabulary to meet the needs of the occasion. In the long history of the mountain artillery, there is a tradition of but one officer who never succumbed to the temptation. That was the late Col. Henry (Swish) Newbold, who, during the World War, commanded the Sixteenth Field Artillery, Fourth Division; but even he, according to an old caragador, "got so

he'd turn away when a mule got tough and let us talk so that any son of a jackass could understand."

Not only Grant but Sherman, too, knew the ways of a mule and he had a very deep affection for the animal. One old mule, famed for service beginning with the first Battle of Bull Run he placed on the retired list, "turned out never to be harnessed again, to roll at his own sweet will and to be furnished a full ration till time with him shall be no more."

It was Sherman, too, who was responsible for probably the only order issued by a Secretary of War for the retirement of an animal. At Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama, in October 1883, there was an old white mule, a veteran of the Mexican War, named "Mexique," which had been declared surplus and was about to be sold at public auction. The officers on the post decided to buy the mule and started a letter through channels to get the War Department's permission. The communication passed through many hands and

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Taps for the Army Mule

(Continued from page 49)

finally reached Sherman who put on the eleventh endorsement as follows:

I have seen that mule, and whether true or false the soldiers believe it was left at the Big Spring, where Mount Vernon Barracks now are, at the time General Jackson's Army camped there about 1819-20. Tradition says it was once a sorrell but now it is white from age.

The Quartermaster's Department will be chargeable with ingratitude if that mule is sold, or the care and maintenance of it thrown on the charitable officers of the post. I advise that it be kept in the Department, fed and maintained till death.

W. T. Sherman, General
P.S. I think that mule was at Fort Morgan, Mobile Point, where I was then in 1842.

W.T.S.

This mule which, therefore, might have been about 65 years old was placed on the "retired list" by order of Robert Todd Lincoln, the son of the martyred President, who was then Secretary of War. By twelfth endorsement he ordered: "Let the mule be kept and well cared for as long as he lives."

The idea of "retiring" a mule has been traced back to antiquity. To quote from Plutarch's Lives: "The Athenians, when they built their Hecatomedon, turned those mules loose to feed freely, which they had observed to have done the hardest labor. One of these (they say) came once of itself to offer its service, and ran along with, nay, and went before, the teams which drew the wagons up to the acropolis, as if it would incite and encourage them to draw more stoutly; upon which there passed a vote, that the creature should be kept at the public charge even till it died."

Retirement does not always agree with these hard-working hybrids and some of them come to an untimely death when their chores are ended. There is no record of Mexique's life after 1883 but in recent times, there are at least two post-World War examples of famous mules that could not stand the luxury of retirement. There was old "Tip" of the Fourth Field Artillery. He gave up the ghost less than six months after he was put in clover. Then there was Verdun, of the Twelfth Field Artillery. He was born at Verdun to a Belgian mare while the Second Division was operating in the Troyon sector. He was brought back to the United States and given the freedom of Fort Sam Houston, but all play and no work proved deadly to the undersized mule.

From Sherman to Pershing, American Military leaders found the mule an indispensable ally. In the Indian campaigns the four, six and eight line teams clung to the heels of the fighting man.

When the going became too rough for the wagons, the mules were taken out of harness, the loads packed on their backs and the march continued. Carrying from 100 to 300 pounds apiece these pack animals hit the trail and covered twenty-five miles a day without any trouble. In emergencies, they were pushed even further.

In the campaign of 1881 against Chiefs Victoria and Nana of the Warm Spring tribe, one pack train marched 85



miles in twelve hours. In 1882, during the "Loco" outbreak in Arizona, another pack train was credited officially with 280 miles in three days.

In Cuba, in Puerto Rico, and in the Philippine Islands, the army mule continued his yeoman services and in the World War he reached the zenith of his influence. The four-lined escort wagon bringing up ammunition, supplies, and particularly "hot slum" was one of the most welcome sights on the Western front.

A remarkable array of mules was drafted for service in France. From America came 18,506 of them. From Spain, the Army bought 11,036; from France, 8,092; and from England 6,794—a total of 45,418. The French and English mules had come originally from the Missouri, Kentucky and other familiar American breeding farms but the Spanish animals were native to the Iberian peninsula.

Literally there was no comparison between the small, poorly nourished mule of Spanish origin and the powerful upstanding product of our own Middle West. There was sharp criticism in some places of these which came up from Spain for duty on the battle front, but these little animals were able to haul machine-gun carts, releasing the heavier American breed for duty with the artillery and ammunition trains.

There were times during the final stages of the World War when it was impossible to give much needed rest to those animals. There were not enough to do the work which confronted them, and as a result, it was necessary to keep on the move, forty-eight, sixty, and sometimes seventy-two hours, with hardly a pause. It was possible to feed only a small amount of grain, and but a few handfuls of hay. Under this strain the mule went forward, giving his all uncomplainingly.

The recuperative powers which he showed were remarkable. Sometimes after an engagement it would seem impossible to get him back to the front again, but his powerful constitution came to his rescue, and in a remarkably short time he was able to return to duty. The mule has always been given the credit of having his full quota of brains, but in 1917-18 it seemed he had more than his share.

Of his heroism under strain perhaps one example will suffice. It was at Exermont on the morning of October 4, 1918, at the opening of the second phase of the Meuse-Argonne offensive. The attack of the First Division had met with stubborn resistance. Infantry lines were halted. Communications with the artillery broke down. A call was sent for telephone wire. Trucks were bogged down. Wheel horses faltered in their traces. Sergeant Laurence M. Lumpkin was given the assignment to load a pack train of ten mules with telephone wire and to rush them to the firing line.

Lumpkin carried out his orders. He formed the animals into a narrow column of single files and started out. The shortest route led over open country. The train was spotted. The enemy opened fire. Five mules went down in quick succession, but there was no stampede among the survivors. Lumpkin delivered his precious cargo to the artillery position, unpacked, galloped his mules back to the point where the others had fallen, removed the loads from the dead animals, put them on the backs of his faithful charges and brought up the rest of the wire. Lumpkin received the Distinguished Service Cross but the mules were given no official recognition. Their behavior under fire, however, endeared them to the First Division.

During the course of the war, thousands of soldiers learned the virtues of the mule. They found him a hard worker, faithful, patient and hardy but also not free from peculiarities.

A mule does not like to be hurried or worried. He is suspicious of strangers and resents cruel or inexperienced hands. He instinctively recognizes the human beings who fear him and treats them most disrespectfully. He dislikes mud and water holes. He will not be pulled. The last thing to do to make him move is to look at him.

"Don't look at 'im," shouts the packmaster invariably at every recruit; and

usually adds: "That's a smart mule and he don't like yer face." To get the mule to move, the rule is to walk away in the desired direction. Invariably, the mule will follow quietly.

In an emergency this understanding of the proper thing to do is uncanny. When horses stampede, the mule can be depended on to stand fast. Especially is this true in time of fire. When the stables burned at Fort Sill several years ago, horses were crushed and some burned to death in their panic but there were no casualties among the mules. They waited until they were untied and led from danger.

On a hot day, the mule can be depended upon to drink water slowly and quietly while a horse may gulp down enough to founder him if he is not carefully watched.

There is nothing spectacular about the mule and he hates to be shown off. When an inspecting officer lingers too long to admire him, he invariably spoils the exhibition by flinging his heels. Mules that jump over high obstacles in cross-country riding or herding will obstinately refuse to perform at all in a show ring.

Next to satisfying a hearty appetite the height of mule joy is to roll. A mule will roll at every opportunity, and he will do it whenever it suits his convenience. It proves most exasperating on Saturday mornings, for time and again, just after he has been carefully groomed, polished and the pack placed on his back, he seems to take a special delight in wiping out several hours effort by two or three healthy rolls. Old hands with mules understand and forgive but many a reprimand has come from officers recently assigned to mountain batteries and unfamiliar with the ways of the hybrid.

There are few rules on mule behavior for the mule is basically a rugged individualist. In several batteries, there have been animals that refused to follow in column. There are always some sky-gazers that halt and look over every bit of scenery and refuse to move until they have taken in the whole panorama.

Pancho of the Second Field Artillery was such a mule. In the cross-country marches in the Philippine Islands, he exasperated the packers while he stopped

to look at the ever changing surroundings, but there was nothing to do but wait until Pancho got his fill. He would not be hurried.

One day, Pancho stopped on a little bridge overlooking a chasm of two hundred feet below and took more time than ever to gaze at the beautiful scenery. He looked ahead, behind, to the right and then he slipped. Down he dropped into the depths below. The packmaster stood there and watched him roll.

"There you go, you scenery lovin' (so and so)," he called after him. Then he reached the chasm by a circuitous road, prepared to unpack a valuable load from a dead mule, but the scenery lover merely got up, shook himself several times, gave a lusty bray of triumph that came up from the depths of his bowels, through the nasal cavities with an asthmatic wheeze that seemed to shake every bone in his body, and then began to look about in admiration at the new but unexpected landscape.

Stories about the peculiarities of individual mules are legion. There is one about the Texas mule that would approach the gateway of the Alamo, every day at noon, raise the latch that held the wicket with his nose, and enter, then turn and with his nose push the wicket closed and go to the stall where his noon day meal was ready.

There are others about mules that understand bugle calls; about "Punkin," of Battery E of the Fourth Field Artillery, that invariably went lame when drill call came and regained the use of his legs at "stables;" and about "Peanuts" that was a terror in garrison but a faithful, docile animal in the field. Then there is the classic about the Camp Gordon mule that bolted for the stables as soon as he heard "Recall." The mule-skinners dubbed him "Samuel Gompers" because he knew how long a day's work should be.

There are some generalizations that can be made about the mule but kicking, the most common charge, is rank libel. Many mules, too many, of them, but not all of them, do like to throw their heels. Unlike horses, their behavior is consistent. A horse may be docile one day and

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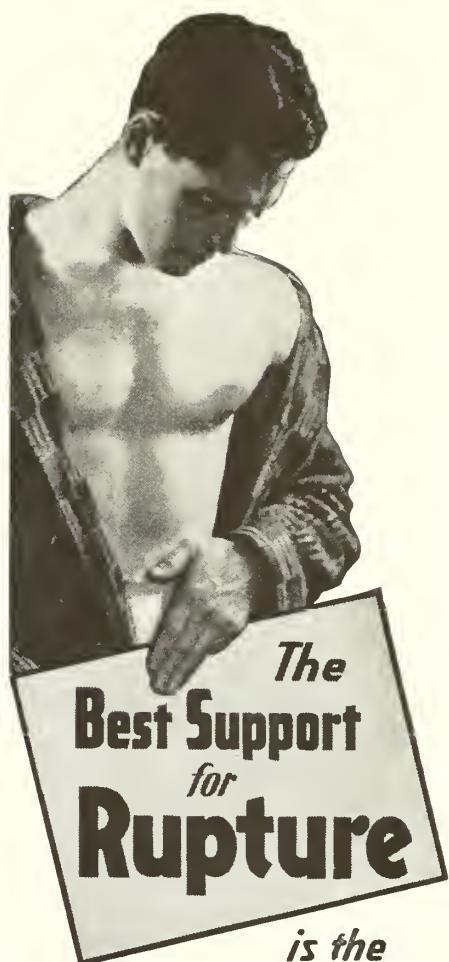
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Taps for the Army Mule

(Continued from page 51)

kick the next but a kicking mule always kicks. The kickers, however, can be identified and watched.

A generalization about mules least likely to be contradicted is that they show great attachment for a mare. All nature loves the mother, and the animal mule is not an exception. He is nursed and cared for by the dam of the horse kind, and attachment is a natural sequence. The attachment of the mule for the mare has led to the latter's employment to lead pack mule trains. A bell with a strap attached is placed around the neck of the horse at the head of the column and when she is led away, the mules are content to follow. When the tinkle of the bell stops

the mules show uneasiness by constant braying. When they become attached to the mare they follow her in consecutive order.

During the Indian disturbances the tinkle of the bell-mare brought back many a mule that the night before had been stolen or captured. In transporting mules to France, the bell-mare was a great help toward getting the animals on and off the boats.

Since the World War, the advent of mechanization and motorization gradually has relegated the mule to a minor role. From 141,324 in 1918, his numbers have dwindled until June 30, 1939, there were but 4,493 in the whole Army. Their supporters, however, still persist that the

jughead may be down but he's not out.

Chief of the champions of the mule are the mountain artillerymen of the Second and Fourth Field Artillery. They are the soldiers who would rather be "a soldier with a mule and a mountain gun than a knight of old with spurs and gold, a Roman, Greek or Hun." They keep alive the mule-lore of the Army and can give examples of time and place of feats by jugheads that no mechanical contrivance of man can equal.

Who will say, after the Albanian campaign, that they are wrong?

So long as the Army retains its horses and the mountains their steep precipices and narrow trails, it may still be premature to sounds taps. So far as the doughboy is concerned, the die has been cast. The familiar bray of the Army mule will not be heard in the new streamlined infantry division.

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case a heavy truck, loaded with butter, broke through a bridge floor just as its front wheels left the bridge. The rear end dropped into the stream while the front end remained propped on the abutment. A following car, unable to stop, drove into the hole, coming to rest standing on end, with its radiator buried in butter.

"I recall still another case in which a State Highway truck crossed a narrow truss bridge and met an automobile at the exit portal. In avoiding the car it struck the end post of the bridge, wrecking the bridge. The truck escaped, only to run off the approach embankment. The car fell with the bridge floor, and one of the bridge trusses dropped around it. The floor fell intact on dry land and the car, not even scratched, was driven off under its own power."

It has been said that there was usually an element of luck in non-fatal bridge accidents.

In the Midwest a steel plate girder bridge collapsed under its own weight, during an extremely cold night, for no apparent reason; it had probably been overstressed by a recent load. In one southern State, at different times, three old suspension bridges fell several hours after heavy loads had passed over them; heavy night winds, or changes in temperature, were the final straws in each case. Through sheer luck, nobody was on any of these bridges, and nobody drove into the gaps before authorities discovered the failures.

The disturbing note, running through all this, is that you might drive onto an inadequate bridge some day and have it drop suddenly beneath you—not because of any error on your part, simply because the bridge had been damaged previously by a collision or overload, or by lack of maintenance. Or you might breeze down a modern highway, come unexpectedly upon a narrow bridge at a

REBUILD THOSE BRIDGES NOW!

sharp turn, and meet another car. These things are happening right along. We've spent millions, in recent years, to make our main highways as fool-proof as possible, adding extra lanes, banking the turns, lengthening sight distance, cutting down hills; we've tried to make our main highways perfectly safe, even for the reckless driver. But we haven't paid much attention to the inadequate bridges on our less important roads even to protect the careful driver.

And if motorists have been irritated by bridge conditions, their irritation was as nothing compared with the hardships suffered by truckers.

The floor of an old steel truss bridge broke under a gravel truck in one of the southern States; the truck fell forty feet to the river, killing both the driver and his helper. On the West Coast an old timber and steel county bridge collapsed under a truck loaded within the legal limit; investigation showed that two-thirds of the cross section of one top chord member had been dry-rotted away, a condition that was not evident from the roadway.

A truck driver, crossing a bridge in one of the western States, was forced to the side by a passing car. The truck load was ten feet wide; clear roadway of the bridge (built in 1887) was less than fifteen feet wide. As the truck crowded to one side the bridge buckled and dropped into the river, killing the trucker—but his estate got not even official sympathy for it, because his truck had been overloaded. In a midwestern State, a truck-load of steel for a new bridge caused collapse of the old structure that was to be replaced; the same thing happened in a far-western State; in both cases, truck drivers were injured.

Nearly four out of ten communities in the United States are served exclusively by trucks. Many of these are connected to the outside world by inadequate bridges; there's no other way in. So truck drivers take their chances.

We haven't worried much, in the past, about the fate of these truckers and motorists who had to cross inadequate bridges; but we'll feel differently if our national defense equipment is really called into action. We have, in this country, about four and a half million trucks, most of which could serve in national defense. We have more than fifty thousand buses, most of which could serve in national defense. We have about thirty million passenger cars—enough to take every American riding at the same time—and these, too, would serve our national defense aims. Remember the French taxi-cab march to the Marne? Our military men recall that event as they think of our millions of trucks, buses, and passenger cars. We could move our armies faster than they've ever been moved before—just by using the motorized equipment we've already bought and paid for—providing we didn't have to worry about bottle-neck bridges.

These faulty old structures have been with us for several decades. We didn't start any considerable bridge replacement programs until about twenty years ago—and we never knew, until just recently, how serious our bridge plight really is.

The individual who deserves most of the credit for digging into this is F. W. Panhorst, Bridge Engineer for the California Division of Highways. Gathering data for a report to be presented to the American Association of State Highway Officials, a year ago, Mr. Panhorst found that on the state highways of this nation

there were about 80,000 bridges over twenty feet in length, and that about 22,000 of these structures were unsatisfactory.

The cost of replacing these bridges was estimated at close to a half billion dollars. This figure was later pared down to about four hundred millions.

Currently the United States Bureau of Public Roads, working with the individual States, is completing its Highway Planning Surveys, compiling the first complete road inventory ever made in this country. The Public Roads Administration told Congress we ought to discard our dreams about transcontinental superhighways and buckle down to the business of modernizing the facilities we already have—particularly a 27,000-mile network of interregional highways. Realistic Thomas H. MacDonald, Commissioner of the Public Roads Administration, stressed in his report that the interregional highway system, connecting all our main cities, would be important to national defense as well as to civilian movements, and the Army agreed.

Here was a chance to kill two birds with one stone—revenue from private and commercial traffic would pay for improvements on the interregional system; its national defense value would be a magnificent dividend. Logically, the interregional network discussed by Mr.



MacDonald has become (with 2,000 miles added to it, and with certain other changes) the number one system in the Army's proposed three-system national defense network totalling 75,000 miles.

All this, remember, is about bridges on our state highways. As investigators look into the county bridge situation their reports become even more alarming. In one State, for example—one of the most progressive of road-building, bridge-building States—it was found that half of all the bridges on county roads were "structurally unsafe for present traffic and should be replaced, and that forty per-

cent of the remaining structures require strengthening to provide a factor of safety for legal loads."

The estimated cost of replacing unsatisfactory bridges on state highways, as I have said, is about four hundred million dollars. The cost of replacing all inadequate bridges, on county as well as on state roads, is almost beyond comprehension. Discussing this subject in an article for *Engineering News-Record*, G. S. Paxson, Oregon State Highway Department Bridge Engineer, stressed the need for an orderly bridge program in which the Federal Government would coöperate as a national defense measure. There doesn't appear to be any other way of getting this problem solved within a reasonable length of time.

California recently replaced a bridge which had been built, thirty years ago, to support "a six-horse team." It was not until 1916 that highway bridge designs were standardized, with a 15-ton minimum for main routes; today a 20-ton minimum is preferred. Clear roadway widths are now expected to be twenty-four to twenty-six feet, for two-lane roads. Vertical clearance is supposed to be at least fourteen feet.

There were no special design standards, in the old days. And then, to make matters worse, there wasn't much insistence on thoroughgoing inspection and maintenance.

And then, most important of all, the public didn't demand better bridges.

Motorists want more and better roads, and they can judge road conditions at a glance. Bridges are much harder to understand. They can be overstressed by speed of vehicles, by loads, or by various concentrations of loads—sometimes with safety, sometimes with great danger. Bridges, hopelessly dangerous ones, sometimes hold up staunchly and competent engineers can only explain the phenomenon by saying, "They do it through force of habit." A bridge may bear its loads with no sign of weakness, and still be liable to collapse any moment.

Bridges are nervous; you can't just design them for, say, a 20-ton load and let it go at that. In designing an H-20 bridge, for example, the engineer plans it to support a moving 20-ton load—preceded and followed by lines of trucks each having a gross weight of three-fourths of the indicated H-rating—in this case, 15 tons.

There's much to consider, in designing a bridge. A few years ago, the casual observer might have questioned the necessity of building a bridge to support one heavy truck, "preceded and followed by lines of lighter trucks." But now we are mindful that military movements call for long columns of motorized units—twenty, forty, even sixty miles long.

Engineers have always been aware of our need for modern, high-standard bridges; but they were constantly hear-

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REBUILD THOSE BRIDGES NOW!

(Continued from page 53)

ing the public's demand for more roads, wider roads, faster roads. And it was less costly to give the voting public what it wanted, rather than what it should have. Light roads cost from a dollar to around four dollars a linear foot, in two-lane width; first-rate highways can be built for ten dollars a foot. Bridges cost anywhere from seventy-five to 200 dollars—and up—per foot.

Another reason for delay in replacing bridges, according to one engineer, was the early WPA program. That first program demanded that States show projects costs per man-year of employment; the object was to put men to work, and WPA officials considered employment at the scene of construction only. Bridge work, of course, often called for relatively little employment at the scene of construction, even though it made considerable employment for fabricating shop and transport workers. The second WPA program was an improvement; it recognized shop and transport employment and went ahead and built thousands of bridges that will stand for centuries.

Next, there's been a good deal of highway fund diversion. The American Automobile Association recently announced that "nearly one billion dollars of the revenue from motor vehicle taxes have been side-tracked by the States from highway construction and maintenance during the past ten years." Just half of this diverted sum could have cured our inadequate-bridge ills on main routes.

Road-building projects are now mov-

ing speedily ahead. And the bridge problem—judging from progress made by many States, and by a number of counties—can surely be solved. But it will take time—too much time, perhaps, unless the Federal Government gives it the official status of a national defense measure and offers increased support.

The county bridge problem is so bad many officials decided, long ago, that it would probably never be completely solved. Then, quite recently, a Texas county knocked these gloomy forecasts into a cocked hat.

Tarrant County, Texas, is a typical county. As in other counties, its road administration system was no model of efficiency; county road commissioners ran their own precincts, bought their own supplies and equipment, and were not required to coöperate with other precincts. There was, and always had been, extravagant duplication of supervision and equipment.

About two years ago, the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce decided to look into this. A Civic Affairs Committee was appointed; it spent almost a year familiarizing itself with county government, and then things began to happen. After long study and discussion, representative Fort Worth leaders worked up a "unit system" of road administration and succeeded in selling the idea to the county.

County road administration costs began to drop sharply, and road accomplishments boomed. Among other things, the people of Tarrant County decided it

was high time they stopped sinking an average of \$50,000 a year in the patching up of a thousand-odd hopelessly inadequate bridges and culverts on the county's 1,400-mile road system.

So Tarrant County took \$40,000 of its \$50,000 repair money and used it to finance a \$403,000 bond issue, proceeds of which, with substantial WPA support of \$957,000, would rebuild and modernize every one of the 1,039 inadequate structures on the county system—in the brief space of one year. This done, the remaining \$10,000 more than cared for maintenance needs. In about ten years, Tarrant County will have paid off its share of the cost of new structures, and will then be saving about \$40,000 a year.

Taking a tip from Tarrant County, the rest of this nation's three thousand counties might look into road costs and find that, in the long run, it actually costs more to tolerate inadequate bridges than it would cost to replace them.

And after we replace our inadequate bridges—what then?

Logically, the first step would be to adopt some real programs of inspection and maintenance. This is highly specialized work, but it isn't costly. In Oregon, for example, where inspection and maintenance standards have long been kept at peak-efficiency levels, the cost of inspection is only \$15,000 a year.

Given expert inspection and maintenance, bridges should have the final protection of good laws, rigidly enforced. "In our experience," says Fred Kellam of Indiana, the Engineer of Design for that State, "failure under overload is very rare. Usually failure is the result directly or indirectly of a traffic blow on a vital part of the structure, although the bridge may later fall under load."

(Continued from page 13)

than some people will own up to snoring. "You wait a minute till I figure this thing out." And after that minute he added gruffly: "All right."

That was all there was to it; Old Rufe said "New Year's." Some might not take that as much of a promise, but it bound Stuedeman like a mortgage.

Now Old Rufe was no trusting soul. "The customer who blocks the counter gets waited on first," said he. So, after starting an addition to his press shops and setting the die-makers to whittling, he came ploughing around the sand and dust of the machinery company's foundry floor the day they laid the patterns and poured. He stayed over to growl and grunt through their machine shops until he was sure every piece of his two giant presses had A-1 priority.

Even so he failed to ward off trouble. The jinx twined its arm lovingly around his neck. First a boring mill opened a sweet blowhole in one of the main frame castings, and there wasn't a blessed thing to do but stop everything until another great

chunk of iron could be cast and machined.

Squirm as he would, Stuedeman finally landed in a jam. "I allowed three weeks," he proclaimed to the crew of riggers and mechanics he'd collected, "for us to assemble them here. But the way those walruses out there flubbed around, we haven't ten days left to do it in. A week from Monday"—he leaned hard on every word—"understand, a week from Monday they've got to be ready for toolmakers. If anything slips, even for a day or an hour, we don't stand a Chinaman's chance of shipping Ajax turrets New Year's."

The gang turned with a whoop to the ungainly canvas-covered lumps of machinery on the flat cars nosing under cover of the new press shop section, and had the ropes hacked away before the first one stopped rolling. From up beyond, the big traveling crane rolled down at top speed—stopped with a jerk over

the tallest lump. In five more minutes a huge slab of iron, that represented a base, was chinning itself under the crane and swinging for the pits up the line, a squad of riggers charging after it.

The Old Man was almost a minute late noticing what that gang was up to. Then he let out bellow enough to shame a hog caller. "Hey!" He started to run as he shouted. "Hey! Not in the hole!"

Everybody, everything up that way stopped short. "What d'you think we got these skids and rollers for?" he fumed breathlessly as he arrived. "Don't you know we set 'em up out here, complete, and then swing 'em down in?"

"News to me," the boss rigger answered. "We was told to start right in the pits."

"Who gave any such orders?"

The men looked at the boss rigger and the boss rigger glanced slant-eyed at Roger. The Old Man growled, "You?"

Skinning the Cat

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The men looked at the boss rigger and the boss rigger glanced slant-eyed at Roger. The Old Man growled, "You?"

And Roger answered innocently, "Of course. There isn't any other way that I know of."

"There isn't any other way, eh?" The belligerent, cutting edge of Old Rufe's voice would have made cheese of armor plate. "That you could think of, eh? You running this show?"

Roger stood his ground. "You haven't got a thing here that'll swing a hundred tons, much less drop it in a pit."

"Haven't, you say? Not a thing, you think. Hem! Kelsey, when you're grown up, you'll learn there's a dozen ways of skinning a cat."

WITH that the Old Man waved to the crane operator, shouting: "Lay it on the skids there," and stalked away. The crane operator snickered, a titter rippled through the crowd of men, and they all left Roger studying the diagram his toe was describing on the floor.

Roger's brown study continued over several minutes. If he could just see some satisfactory way of lowering a two-hundred-thousand-pound lump of metal man deep below the floor level.

Later the crane operator asked the same question. He rolled over the boss rigger's head and shouted down from his perch. "Hey, you don't suppose the Old Man's counting on this trolley car to lug all that hardware home, do you?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"Cripes!" the crane operator protested. "She's only rated to fifty tons. She might take a fair overload for a minute without splitting a gut, but double it—" His arms expanded in a gesture of despair. "Not with me in the cage," he added self-righteously.

"Quit your worryin', Mug. The Old Man knows what your mousetrap can do."

"You've more than the crane to fret about," Roger put in. "I'd look twice at the track and the roof girders it's tied to."

"Better recite that to Stuedeman."

Roger caught the strain of sarcasm alloyed in the boss rigger's tone. "I admit I'm an amateur at depriving the feline of its pelt," he replied with a wry smile. "But I'm not a complete stranger to stresses and strains. I'd feel safer with more steel up in the air there."

"Talk English, will yer." The boss rigger aimed at a loose nut on the floor and circumscribed it with tobacco juice. "Them beams don't look like dwarfs to me. Any more'n the stringers and jacks the Old Man's had piled up over there."

In the meantime the parade had started, a procession that moved continuously for days and nights to come. Men forgot to walk; they ran—with the specter of New Year's Day kicking them every step of the way. One gang lived under the trolley crane's hook, and another manhandled smaller parts on tote trucks, while mechanics swarmed over the slowly growing machines. Assembled not many days later, the mechanical juggernauts Rufe had bought,

each capable of gritting its teeth on the whole upper works of an army tank, leaned down on skids to the tune of a hundred tons, or not many ounces short of that figure. Standing a few feet from the pits each covered as much floor space as a bedroom, it seemed, and stuck up in the air higher than an attic window.

At the proper time Old Rufe corralled a herd of laborers and set them carefully piling each pit chock full of cribbing which they topped off precisely at floor level with a smooth layer of hard planks. Then the entire crew lined up with ropefalls and tackle, with pry bars and straining shoulders, to roll, inch by hard-fought inch, each hefty press over its lumber choked pit. The crane operator swung over, hooked on, and took up all the weight he dared to help the sweating, cursing men ganging like ants on those inert mountains of machinery.

It took Stuedeman only a few minutes more to devise a network of beams which he sicked his laborers on to interlacing under and between the huge ribs of one of the presses. Then, with a pair of men on each jack, he ordered them gruffly to, "Raise her up a hair," and the lumpers, in unison, swung to the ratchet levers like galley slaves. The jacks groaned rheumatically, and the beams creaked with the strain. A crack of daylight appeared beneath the press.

Rufe shouted at the crane operator: "Take up! Easy now!"

The boss rigger nudged Roger. "See? It's all in knowing how. Block all the way up from the foundation with timber and roll her on it. Then lift her up one side first, take out a slab or two of cribbing, and drop her sort of kitty-corner one notch at a time that way to bottom. Watch!"

The crane operator had put the juice to his motor and the cables drew so taut they sang. To Rufe's undisguised delight the crane seemed to be swinging the load practically alone, for the giant it clutched by the shoulder began to sway slightly. The jacks on the floor were rattling madly. Old Rufe shouted excitedly, "See if you can gain a couple more inches. And get ready to clear the top layer of blocking on that side!"

THEN it happened. Not what Roger had indirectly prophesied nor what the crane operator feared. It was a jack that gave way. There came a sharp report like a revolver shot followed by a tinkle over in the room where a piece of casting had been snapped halfway across the building. The beam it supported tore itself off the jack head with a loud retching noise.

Rufe's number-one press slumped drunkenly. One corner ground down into a plank, cracking and splitting it, and tilting the fractured end up into the air. For a second it looked as if the ungainly iron colossus would fall plumb over. And during that second Old Rufe jumped recklessly at it and pushed as if, with his

(Continued on page 56)

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Skinning the Cat

(Continued from page 55)

puny strength, he could hold the swaying mass upright. The huge machine continued sliding, caught a fresh hold on the teetering slab of lumber and slapped it down with a thump.

But the Old Man's toes were under it. When he had jumped, one foot slipped under the uptipped section. The unyielding weight of the press on the piece of timber bore down cruelly on Rufe's toes and instep. His face went white, and a gasping groan came up from deep in his throat. Frenziedly he clawed at his leg in a useless effort to yank his foot out of the trap. Running sweat broke from his face and hands. Then he grabbed the machine frame to keep from collapsing, and leaned there weakly, a horrible grimace of pain creasing his features.

OF ALL the stunned, terrified gang Roger was the first to jump. Rooted beside him was an open-mouthed, goggle-eyed lumper gripping a crowbar. Roger jabbed him viciously and shoved him toward Old Rufe. "Damn it! Get a pry under that plank!" he yelled. Then he streaked for the side of the room where he remembered having seen an axe. Two seconds later he was wedged beside the Old Man's trembling form, swinging the axe blade furiously into the piece of beam making jelly of Rufe's foot. Desperate strokes cut it away, and the Old Man slid to the floor—cold. The press settled another inch with a loud rasp.

Rufe came to, just before they were swinging him into the ambulance, and motioned weakly to Roger. "Tell your father," he said huskily, his face drawn now not so much with pain as with discouragement. "Tell your father—be sure to telephone right away—tell him I'm sorry I—I can't get those turrets to him on time. He'll have to wait a few days."

To be so helpless in the face of an emergency, to have to give up this way and go back on his word took far more punishment out of Rufus Stuedeman than all the agony in his instep. Roger hastened to reassure him. "You just rest easy. I'll set things right with Dad." Purposely heartying his voice, he hoped it might not sound as hollow as he felt inside. "The boys'll put on double pressure to make up time."

Old Rufe nodded, attempted a smile, and Roger returned soberly to the erecting gang. As if they were mourners after a funeral, the men were collected into doleful groups, suddenly dog tired, discouraged, drooping like unwatered flowers in a hot room. This was Saturday, late. With Old Rufe they had expected to whoop both presses into their pits by night and use Sunday for hooking them up ready to run. Monday Rufe had said. Monday, Monday, Rufe had repeated endlessly. If the die-setters couldn't have

both machines Monday, there was no way under heaven Ajax turrets could be trucked into freight cars New Year's. Now, thanks to the jinx, Rufe's promise was just so much mouth wash.

One press remained firmly planted on the floor, a towering monument in steel to useless sweat, sore muscles and skinned knuckles. The other leaned on tip-toe, seemingly, in a rakish impudent half bow, like a swaggering pugilist acknowledging the crowd's plaudits. A heavy atmosphere of frustration and resignation bore down on everybody.

The boss rigger answered Roger's unspoken question. "Uh—uh. I wouldn't dast to try putting 'em down the way the Old Man was going to. Neither'd you. So," he went on dispiritedly, "if we can't think of any better way, there ain't nothing we can do other'n pull 'em all apart and start again down in the holes. Which'll take all next week and more." He stopped again to brood and then added almost tearfully: "Yup, unscrew 'em all apart. And New Year's just around the corner!"

"I guess you've turned in the right answer," Roger agreed wearily. "The only answer—tear 'em down."

When the jacks got the tipsy behemoth finally righted and painfully rolled back on the floor, he had to let the men down flat for the utter want of anything better to suggest, steeling himself to the disappointment, to the unworded, red-eyed contempt registered in their expressions. "Go home and get a good night's sleep," he commanded lamely. "A change of atmosphere will do us all good."

Elsie tried to cheer him with almost the same words that evening as they drove to a dinner date. "Perhaps after the party and a change of atmosphere, you'll get an inspiration," she suggested.

ROGER shook himself, tried to laugh and chatter with Elsie, but it was a forlorn attempt. It seemed as if his mind would never cease revolving in a tiring and depressing cycle of jacks, trolley cranes and beams. And unworkable schemes.

As for inspiration—"What would one get from this chinless wonder across the table?" he thought bitterly, later, of a sample of flaming youth sitting opposite, using quantity production methods on his host's liquor; an untidy blond with mussed hair like a straw mop. Dinner was over and the crowd drifting toward the drawing room. Roger lagged behind for no better reason than that he was yet abstracted and disgruntled, while chinless stayed seated to finish a construction project. He had pulled a bowl of ice cubes to his elbow, laid a circle of the crystals on a plate, and balanced a second plate warily on them. Then another layer of cubes, a plate, and so on until, as the maid came in, he was working on a pre-

carious fourth story of his wobbly edifice.

"Lesh see you carry it to the pantry," he dared her as he rose unsteadily. "Can't do it, Mary? Namesh Mary isn't it? Well, Mary, don't you worry now. Wait'll the ice melts. Plates'll settle together then, see? All washed for you." He lurched away, chuckling.

Suddenly Roger yanked himself out of his slouch. He concentrated on the alternate layers of ice and crockery, his mind fumbling with something he was trying to recall. Could it have been some obscure article in a technical magazine? Where they'd—? He sagged back, debating, biting his lip, wondering whether he had the courage to go through with it.

Dancing had started before Roger finished mentally pacing back and forth, before he released his clutch on the chair arm. Dashing for Elsie, he brushed her partner one side. "You can have her back in a minute," he apologized to cover his rudeness, and pressed her quickly into a corner.

"LISTEN close!" His tongue tripped in excitement. "Would you, could you release me from my social obligations—in other words, will you spare me for the rest of the evening? I'm needed at the shop."

"Starting when?"

"Quicker than right away."

"Don't tell me now! Let me guess. Your inspiration has arrived; something you think will—"

"I don't think; I know! Should have recalled it before. It's a technical freak a fellow in Detroit uncorked last winter."

"And you want me to find somebody to take me home."

"You're wonderful! I'll call you from the shop tomorrow."

To his hostess Roger murmured breathlessly something about "Emergency at the shop." Somebody called to him: "Where's the fire?" and he was out, coat tails flying, into the bitter cold night.

At the press shops he detoured first to rouse a drowsy night fireman and then shanghaied the watchman. Once in the new section, he and the fireman attacked the lumber piled in the pits, while he set the watchman opening every window and door in the building, even to climbing to the transoms in the monitors.

"Afraid you'll sweat a little?" the night fireman growled as he heaved chunks of cribbing. "Don't you know this is the coldest night this winter? Paper says it'll be worse by morning."

Over in the other hole, Roger saved his wind by not answering. He had torn off his collar, but the virgin white front of his dress shirt was striped with smears from greasy fingers, and his suit already permanently ruined. At the minute he was the fountainhead of a vigorous spray of hard pine billets.

When the pits were clear, Roger made them water tight by plugging the drains at the lowest corners. Then he led an

increasingly perplexed fireman to the annealing room to snitch a pair of motor-driven blowers. Next they shacked a motley collection of exhaust pipe from the maintenance crib. When, later, their equipment had been slapped together, it let Roger suck wintry air from outdoors, through a zig-zag of flue, and pump icy blasts directly to the pit floors.

In the meantime the watchman had run out a length of fire hose, filled both pits to the brim with cold water, and then shut off every line in the new section liable to burst from freezing. The thermometer outside registered sixteen degrees below zero. Roger started the blowers to forcing freezing air into the pits, under water, and watched it bubble to the surface where it escaped in rhythmic gulps.

He heard the shivering fireman, stamping away to the grateful warmth of the boiler room, exclaim at the watchman: "How'd I know what he's up to? Excepting probably he ain't going to take no bath."

Roger grinned to himself and turned to the blowers. He shut them down and waited for the agitated pools to subside. He then checked the thermometer and the steadily-increasing thickness of ice. At one corner of each pit, directly over the drains, he kept a hole open as if he were ice fishing. The blowers hummed steadily. He jumped up and down and thrashed his arms, and ran for the boiler room between times to thaw out or share the fireman's lunch and coffee.

OLD Rufe's astonished boss rigger was reduced to unadorned profanity when he returned in the morning. "Who in the flickering flames of perdition," he demanded, "do you think you are?"

Roger looked down. He'd forgotten his rig—his feet and legs putted in burlap bags, his dinner coat and stiff shirt above, and a dirty sheepskin coat he'd borrowed of the watchman over it all.

"Thinking of starting a skating rink?" he finally remarked to Roger.

"Might be one way of making a profit," Roger parried.

"Unless you take to chopping ice to sell."

"No, I think we'll stick to professional hockey. I'll let you know when to start selling tickets. In the meantime keep your gang warmed up over in the plant."

The ice had thickened downward until only shallow pools of water remained tunneled underneath for the blowers to aerate with refrigerated atmosphere. By late afternoon it was solid, hard, right to the bottom. At noon Roger had ordered the building closed in and heat turned on, depending on resident cold and his blowers to finish the freezing. Now he was ready.

First he led the boss rigger alone with him into the new section. "I want your gang to slide these machines on to the ice," he said, trying to appear casual.

"Huh?"

"Yes. Roll them just like we did yesterday."

"On—on there? What in—" the boss rigger gulped. "Push 'em on there, you say—will it hold?"

"Of course it will hold." Roger realized he was meeting one of several minor emergencies he had rather foreseen. He stepped forward to face the boss rigger, his manner now earnest and convincing. "Nothing is going to happen, I assure you, except what we want, and I'll take the responsibility either way. Besides—he lied a little—"I saw this done last winter."

The boss rigger examined Roger minutely before he shrugged, spread his hands and departed to call in his men. "Anyways, it's his funeral," Roger heard him mutter.

Once more the trolley crane swung over and let its hook catch one of the giants by the shoulder. Once more riggers' ropes strained at its steel torso and lumpers picked at its feet with crowbars. The ice grunted under the unwieldy mass easing on to it and settled ever so slightly, giving off a loud yelp as the full load ruptured its grip on the pit sides. Myriad shallow cracks crazed its crystal surface. Several of the uneasy, frightened men jumped gingerly to one side. It had been only by the simple expedient of adding the weight of his own body to the push and by being too active to answer questions that Roger had managed to keep his gang at it. Finally, using jacks, they disposed of the skids and rollers and turned to the other press.

Shortly, the boss rigger pulled off his greasy gloves and wiped the sweat from his neck, for the room was already warm. Then, too, he was obviously uncertain to what extent he was being made a complete fool of. The absurd performance had gotten fully under his skin, and he asked sarcastically, "What next? The job's on ice, looks like."

"Next, we wait."

"What, some more? You've kept me biting my finger nails all day now like a man in a hospital waiting for his operation."

"The answer is still wait. You've got to hold on till the doctor comes down," Roger added to the boss rigger's figure of speech.

It was the last straw. The boss rigger slammed his gloves on the floor and advanced menacingly. "Doctor! Say, adenoid, you're going to need a doctor in a minute! Just what kind of a goof do you think I am?"

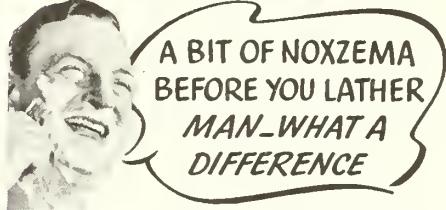
"Why?"

"Why! He wants to know why! After making a couple of fish ponds he wants to know why! Then the skating party. And us waltzing half the afternoon with those machines!" The boss rigger's eyes showed like slits in red flannel. "Damned if I don't think you're nuts. Or I am."

Roger continued to smile cryptically. Little wonder these professional riggers

(Continued on page 58)

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**FINANCIAL STATEMENT
November 30, 1940**

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.	\$ 657,374.88
Notes and accounts receivable	146,642.44
Inventories	95,180.60
Invested funds	2,246,109.2
Permanent investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	206,819.54
Office building, Washington, D. C. less depreciation	120,930.97
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	36,434.13
Deferred charges	46,095.97
	\$3,555,587.56

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue

and Net Worth

Current liabilities	... \$ 96,420.97
Funds restricted as to use	38,996.57
Deferred revenue	553,328.72
Permanent trust	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	206,819.54
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital	\$2,165,824.96
Unrestricted capital	494,196.80
	\$3,555,587.56

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

Skinning the Cat

(Continued from page 57)

considered him a bit addled, if not stark crazy, watching probably the most bizarre performance of their never monotonous careers. But he raised a placating hand to answer unsatisfactorily, "The trouble is you're hungry. It's past your supper time. Go eat, and I'll hand you an eye-opener when you get back."

When the men filed in later Roger pointed silently to the ice under the number one press. For a minute they were mute, amazed, transfixed except for the shuffling of feet as they strained to get a closer look. Then a babble of profane admiration burst spontaneously from their lips.

Silently, imperceptibly, but inevitably, the metal monsters were settling, cradled plumb and level in firm crystal hands. There was something impressive, almost majestic about it. No swaying nor vibration to wrack and strain, nor motion of any sort save the ceaseless descent measurable only over the span of minutes—like the impalpable ebbing of the tide. No cranes, cables, hooks or jacks. Just ice, melting.

Elsie came in later in the evening. She had collared the watchman and insisted on his bringing her over to the new section. "On my way to the hospital," she hurried to explain, "I thought I'd stop in to see—Roger! Do you realize what you've got on?"

"I know I look like a gutter rat"—Roger grinned ruefully—"but it's the proper outfit for an ice man, don't you think?"

"Ice man!"

"New trade of mine. Come over here and look."

After a minute she said, "You look like a tramp, but you've got brains!"

Along about eleven o'clock Elsie came back; this time rattling the big doors at the far end until someone ran to open

them; this time driving her car in on the floor, and now with Dad Rufus, fit to be tied, squirming beside her.

"Elsie said you had my machines on ice," he blurted truculently as Roger and the crane operator carried him tenderly to a bench of cribbing blocks near the pits. "What kind of poppycock is she talking now?"

Roger smiled. "She told you straight."

"Did eh? Then it's a good thing they let me out of that hospital."

"They had to," Elsie interrupted dryly. "You vowed you'd get here if you had to crawl on your stomach."

It took Rufus only a minute to get it. Then: "What time do you expect you'll be done?"

"Early in the morning," Roger replied promptly. "By seven o'clock."

"Boss of the tool crib know that?"

"Yes, sir. The die setters are coming in early."

"Then we can ship to that father of yours by the first? As I said we would?"

"There's no reason why not now."

Rufe took another look at the ice, and turned to search Roger's unwavering eyes. Then he nodded as if confirming some inner decision. "Guess I can go back to the hospital now, if you'll stick me in the car. The doctor's planning to operate on my foot tomorrow."

Once within the shadow of the car and out of sight of the men, Old Rufe discarded his brusque manner. He kept Roger at the open door. "Roger," he said. Not Kelsey, but Roger; and his voice softened. "Roger—er—Elsie says you've been wanting to call on her once in a while. Eh?"

"I—that is, I said—"

"Umm. Imagine you did. You can talk pretty fast sometimes. And think fast too. I see. Which reminds me I ought to eat a little crow before it gets too bitter. I sized you up wrong; had you down as a misfit. But you made good, my boy."

Rendezvous at Oak Ridge

(Continued from page 19)
payment when the news of the crime reached the ears of a startled world.

After completing all preliminary plans, the gang again set off for Springfield. Arrived there, they proceeded immediately to Oak Ridge Cemetery. The date set for the "snatch" was November 7, a clever choice because that day was Presidential Election day, and most of the townsfolk out that night would be congregated near the newspaper offices and downtown saloons to hear election returns.

"Big Jim" and his men reached the cemetery without challenge. The lock

of the door leading into the tomb was soon sawed away, the huge marble lid of the sarcophagus shunted aside and the wooden casket partially lifted out.

Swegles had previously secured a team of fast horses and a wagon, and these were ready and waiting in a nearby secluded spot. After the gang succeeded in lifting the casket part way out of the sarcophagus, Swegles was ordered to drive the wagon nearer the tomb's entrance. Obediently he moved off, not to get the horses, however, but to inform eight detectives stationed in a room at the other end of the tomb that the moment was near. Swegles had been

masquerading, too. Actually he was a reformed criminal now in the employ of the police. He ran around the tomb building and gave the agreed signal to the waiting detectives by striking a



match, lighting up a cigar and whispering, "Wash."

With drawn weapons, the Secret Service men dashed to the sarcophagus and called upon the ghouls to surrender, only to discover that they had disappeared. When Swegles had been despatched for the horses and wagon, the thieves had stepped out a few feet into the nearby woods. Upon seeing their plot discovered, they dashed further in among the trees and escaped.

Several days later all who participated in the attempted theft were captured in Chicago, returned to Springfield and imprisoned to await trial.

At the insistence of Abraham Lincoln's only surviving son, Robert, the finest legal talent in Chicago was retained to prepare charges against the

criminals. These attorneys did their best but a technicality worked in the counterfeiters' favor. There was no law on the statute book of the State of Illinois under which the gang could be brought to trial for the actual crime which had been committed—attempting to steal a human body. If the gang had stolen the coffin, a charge could have been laid on these grounds—but they hadn't succeeded in doing even that since the coffin had not been removed from inside the tomb. The gravest indictment which could be drawn against them was conspiracy to steal a coffin valued at seventy-five dollars. After taking several ballots, the jury found the defendants guilty on this count and sentence of one year in the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet was imposed.

As a result of this abortive attempt to steal it, Abraham Lincoln's body began a series of secret travels. Fearful for its safety, the Lincoln Monument Association moved it continually from place to place, some seventeen times in all.

Finally, and again at the insistence of Robert Lincoln, the body of his father was embedded permanently in a mass of steel and cement some six feet beneath the floor of the tomb. The casket is completely surrounded by this impregnable shell and will in all probability remain intact for ages to come.

The old sarcophagus was doomed to be destroyed. Years later, when the present construction of Lincoln's Tomb was being effected, workmen laboring near the Monument carelessly cracked the priceless slabs which previously housed the body and which had been pried apart by the thieves.

Because of the nature of the crack in the original sarcophagus, a massive brown marble cenotaph stands today in the interior of the Tomb as a permanent monument to a name which will never cease to be remembered.



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THAT TATTLE-TALE BOBBOON

(Continued from page 29)

and Captain Wesley F. Malloch, all of whom are on active duty with the Army.

Go-Getter

ENTION was made in the Keeping Step section for December of the record of H. Power Hearn, Commander of Henry A. Graves Post, Jackson, Mississippi—the reason being that he rates as one of the youngest Legion Post Commanders, so far as years go. Now there is further reason to commend his leadership of Mississippi's biggest Post: Bob Morrow, Department Adjutant, reports that the membership of Henry A. Graves Post in 1940 was 1,029. On Armistice Day Commander Hearn called upon De-

partment Commander Clyde McGehee and delivered a check covering the dues of 1,031 members for 1941, bettering the 1940 mark by a couple.

Topeka's Flag

WHEN National Commander Milo Warner made his first official visit to Topeka, Kansas, in October he was made the central figure in a ceremony which was a part of the experience of every one of his elected predecessors in that office. Twenty-two years ago James Thomas, former Mayor of Topeka, presented an American flag to the first National Commander on the occasion of his visit to the capital of the Sunflower

(Continued on page 60)

MONEY FOR LEGION POSTS

Commanders or adjutants write us at once about our new Walk-Thru Shows, "THE BIG WAR," "THRU THE KEYHOLE," etc., rented reasonably to help posts make money at indoor celebrations or in empty store-rooms. Every town or city good. Not a movie but real attractions visited by thousands. Hundreds of dollars in week easily made. No experience necessary. A couple legions can run the show. Use an empty store-room right now. Chas. T. Buell & Co., Member Post 85, Box 306, Newark, Ohio.

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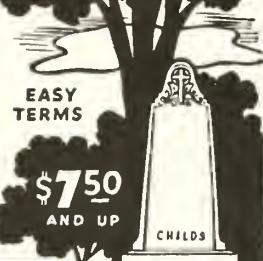
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The Youngest Post Commander

42 Posts sent in photos of their young Commanders to The American Legion Magazine in quest of the title "Youngest Post Commander". The advertising department designed and printed a folder containing these pictures and birth dates. Free copies of this interesting folder are available to Posts that write in.

The American Legion Magazine
15 West 48th St. New York, N. Y.

THAT TATTLE-TALE BALLOON

(Continued from page 59)

State, and that custom has been kept up through the years; in 1932 the presentation was made at a hospital, where the former Mayor was confined by illness.

Mr. Thomas is the step-father of Frank McFarland, Past National Vice Commander, (to give just one title of the many he has acquired in Legion service), and father-in-law of Paul (Pucky) McFarland, Past Commander of Capitol Post.

Called the Turn

"IN March, 1921, I wrote you that I was the father of twins—a potential Red Cross nurse and a doughboy," writes Carl M. Bromfield of Houston, Texas. "Today I am proud to tell you that the boy half of that pair of twins is a First Class Fireman in the U. S. Navy and the girl is a student nurse in the Highland Park General Hospital, Detroit. Their mother died when they were eleven."

Comrade Bromfield served as a first lieutenant, Headquarters Company, 337th Infantry, 85th Division.

Commendation

COMMENDATION of high military officers has been accorded a number of Posts for exceptional service rendered in the expansion of the Army, entirely separate and apart from coöperation in setting up the selective draft machinery. Commander Edward V. McGinnis of W. P. Roche Post, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, (who has completed his term of office), reports the activity of the Legionnaires under his command, and speaks with a note of pride of the letter of citation received by his Post signed by 2d Lieutenant Daniel F. Munster of the recruiting service:

"My commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Frederick Schoenfeld, has directed me to express his sincere thanks for the wholehearted coöperation of certain members of your Post on Friday, the 16th of August, at the ceremonies incident to swearing in 287 recruits for the U. S. Army Air Corps. It is gratifying to note that The American Legion, as ever, is ready to assist in efforts to aid the National Defense, and particularly pleasing in this case because of the extremely short notice given the members of your Post."

No Mail Blues

HERNDON (Virginia) Post is determined that men from its area who enter the service shall not suffer from that old malady known as "mail call blues." Members of the Post, recalling their own loneliness in the days of their service when the mailman passed them by, have prepared boxes to be

placed in public places to receive gifts of cigarettes, razor blades, tooth paste, candy and other comforts and necessities not included in regular army issue. A roster of the men of Herndon and vicinity is being kept and the articles are sent direct to the men, together with a regular flow of post cards and newspapers.

There's a fine idea for consideration by other Legion Posts.

New Home Owner

"FRIENDSHIP POST of St. Louis, Missouri, starts the new Legion year right," writes Publitician C. F. Spielman, "by holding the installation of its new officers at its new home—not in the home, because the ceremony was an open air affair held on the lawn. Comrade S. D. Galloway was installed to succeed Commander Walter Colclazier, under whose direction the committee to purchase the home worked. Friendship Post was organized five years ago and has built up its membership to 135, with a promise to reach 150 before the end of the present year. Its Auxiliary has a membership of 65."

Mortgage Burners

THERE is rejoicing in Walter S. Roth Post, Rochester, Pennsylvania—rejoicing because the old plaster that represented debt on their fine \$50,000 club home has been reduced to ashes. The home, purchased some four years ago, says Comrade Millard M. Mecklem, is now debt free. In addition to a large room for general purposes, the Post members enjoy the facilities of two banquet halls, each with a separate kitchen, which seat 250 and 150 respectively, a sun porch and a well furnished lounge. A good sized room for the Sons of the Legion and the sponsored Scout Troop, and five smaller rooms are also in use in the splendid brick structure. A twelve-foot Legion emblem was built into the front gable to identify the building and its purpose.

As an added touch to the celebration the Post and its Auxiliary Unit appropriated funds from the treasury to buy an oxygen tent, which was, in late December, presented to the Rochester General Hospital at a formal ceremony held in the debt-free club house. The presentation was made by Delos Johnston, Past Commander and now serving as Vice Commander of Pennsylvania's Twenty-sixth District. "We felt," said Past Commander Johnston, "that we should in some measure repay the community for its generosity to us. It isn't much, but we learned that the hospital needed another oxygen tent. We had the money, so we bought one."



Another member of the Iron Lung Club! James Wallace Costigan Post, Newport, Kentucky, installed a latest model lung in Speers Memorial Hospital, Dayton

Blood for England

SEVENTY-FIVE Legionnaires, representing a goodly segment of the membership of Captain Belvidere Brooks Post, New York City, turned out in response to a call issued by Commander Ferd M. Rees to make blood donations for the British war wounded. Headed by Commander Rees, the Legionnaires reported in a group on Friday evening, December 20th, to the Presbyterian Hospital on Broadway—some distance from the Post home—where six doctors worked more than two hours to draw a pint of blood from each of the donors.

Chaplain Lambert Fairchild declared that his Post, representing the true spirit of the Legion, was "first in war, first in peace, and first to give blood to the Englishmen," and called upon other Posts, wherever possible, to make a similar contribution to a humanitarian cause. Captain Belvidere Brooks Post, it is believed, is the first to send a large group of its members to give their blood in response to the appeal issued by the American Red Cross. Several thousand individuals have responded to the call. The blood taken is flown across the Atlantic for use in war-torn England.

In the Chips

HARVEY SEEDS POST of Miami, Florida, is assured of an income averaging \$1,775 per year for the next thirty years, says the *Florida Veteran*. The income is to be derived from a lease of its property fronting on the Boulevard for a period of thirty years, a deal put through by C. H. (Cliff) Reeder, a Past Commander who is now serving as a member of the Board of Trustees, and who, also, is a former Mayor of the City of Miami. The contract provides for a

total rental of \$53,000, payable on a sliding scale but which averages \$1,775 each year.

As one of the results, Harvey Seeds Post will make some improvements on its million dollar club house.

Safety Awards

GLENDALE POST of Chicago, Illinois, has awarded three hundred American Legion Safe Bicycling emblems to as many school children in its area. The awards were made at the conclusion of a contest conducted by the Post and only after each contestant had passed a rigid test. The emblems were presented by Post Commander Walter Lumpp, and at the conclusion of the ceremony the winners were entertained by the Glendale Auxiliary Unit. Chairman Scanlon is planning to put on a bigger and better contest next year.

New Citizens

"GEORGE W. MILLER POST, Belle Fourche, South Dakota, played godfather to thirty-one candidates who made their final bid for United States citizenship in Butte County on September 26th," writes Publicity Officer Joe Koller. "Twenty-seven of the applicants passed and action on four was deferred to give them time to do a bit more home work. It was the largest class ever admitted in the county, and each new citizen was presented an American flag by Post Commander William Matson."

On the Relief Job

"AT THE first weekly meeting in September the Chairman of the Relief and Disaster Committee of Joe Carson Post, Tulsa, Oklahoma, reported that his
(Continued on page 62)

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THAT TATTLE-TALE BALLOON

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committee had been organized but as no disaster had occurred there was nothing to report," writes Roeder Wild, Grand Correspondent of the Oklahoma Forty and Eight. "Less than twelve hours later Legionnaires, Forty and Eighters, and Sons of the Legion were actually engaged in the rescue of human beings from flood waters caused by the overflow of the Arkansas River in the Sand Springs District of Tulsa. Joe Lynn, Grand Chef de Gare, took charge of a relief detail that worked

continuously for many hours in rescuing people driven from their homes by the fast-rising flood waters. Had it not been for the prompt action of the organized Legion relief forces, there undoubtedly would have been lives lost.

"On the following night the same forces were called to Jenks and Bixby, towns south of Tulsa, for a similar work. Voiture 185's box car was pressed into service to give temporary shelter to some of the homeless."

BOYD B. STUTLER



(Continued from page 33)

sea, Captain Rossiter asked me what I had done with the S. C. D. recommendation and I told him I tore it up.

"We landed at Brest, then to Amiens where as a unit of the 33d Division we were attached to the English, Australians and New Zealanders. We took part in the Somme drive of July 14th when we took the village of Hamel. From there we went to Albert, then Château-Thierry, St. Mihiel, Argonne Forest, Meuse-Argonne front, and to the Tryon Sector where we went over the top on November 11th. We were driving on when buglers were sent out to blow Recall—which I think was the first time in the A.E.F. that Recall was blown during a battle. The next day I went to Metz and I think I was the first American to get there.

"We were assigned to the Army of Occupation at Echternach, Luxembourg; I developed pneumonia, was taken to Coblenz, from there to Toul, Cannes, Tours, Savenay, Brest and then back home to Greenhuts Hospital in New York, from where I was sent to Camp Grant, Illinois, for discharge on May 3, 1919.

THE Legion National Convention this fall offers a splendid opportunity to call a reunion of your old gang. The convention city, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is centrally located and gives the fellows in the far corners of the country a chance to see their old comrades. The dates are September 15th to 18th. Better join the scores of outfits that meet each year in conjunction with the Legion National Convention. Notify The Company Clerk so announcement may appear in the following list.

National Convention reunions already scheduled, follow. Details may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose

names and addresses are listed below.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual national reunion. Theo. E. Ne'son, comdg. offcr., 1912 S. 36th St., Omaha, Nebr.

4TH DIV.—Annual national reunion. Theo. F. Tolzman, reunion chmn., 431 N. 40th St., Milwaukee, Wisc.

31ST (DIXIE) DIV.—Nat'l. convention reunion. Write to Walter A. Anderson, secy., 4913 N. Hermitage Av., Chicago, Ill.

BTRIES. A, B & C, 44TH C. A. C.—Reun'on. Harold Hallagan, 26 Main St., Asbury Park, N. J.

56TH (SEARCHLIGHT) ENGRS.—Reunion. Write W. B. Robbins, secy.-treas., 80 Central St., Hudson, Mass.

215TH ENGRS.—Reunion. Write Jacob Lewis, 30 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

605D (SEARCHLIGHT) ENGRS.—Reunion. Lewis Nickles, Wisconsin Vets. Home, Waupaca, Wisc.

307TH F. S. EN.—Vets interested in permanent organization and convention reunion, write R. L. Kassing, 240 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Co. C, 106TH F. S. BN.—Reunion of Last Man Club, Milwaukee, Sept. 14. Write Von Holt Garrett, pres., 2750 E. Cedar St., Denver, Colo., or Dave Daley, secy., 6705 N. Odell Av., Chicago, Ill.

15TH SERV. CO., SIG. CORPS—Reunion. Write Patrick D. Morgan, Hartwick Pines, Grayling, Mich.

4TH G & F BN., SYRACUSE & CAMP MILLS—Reunion. Write Samuel S. Gelewitz, 14 Pine St., Hyde Park, Mass.

MOTOR TRUCK CO. 401—Reunion. Raymond L. Ristaino, Washington St. Greenhouses, Franklin, Mass.

CHEM. WARFARE SERV. ASSOC.—Reunion dinner of all CWS vets, any outfit USA or AEF. Geo. W. Nichols, secy.-treas., R. 3, Box 75, Kingston, N. Y.

AIR SERV. VETS.—Nat'l. reunion of all Air Corps vets. J. E. Jennings, nat'l. adjt., 1202 S. First St., Louisville, Ky.

BASE HOSP., MED. DEPT., CAMP LEE, VA.—Third nat'l. reunion. G. P. Lawrence, gen. chmn., 348½ Wyoming Av., Pittsburgh, Pa., R. E. Franz, secy., Camptown, Pa.

BASE HOSP. CAMP SEVIER REUNION ASSOC.—Reunion. Write M. R. Callaway, Vets. Adm. Facility, Kecoughton, Va., for roster, free to all paid-up members.

U. S. S. Neptune—Reunion of entire crew. A. S. West, 1105 Landreth Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

U. S. S. Orizaba—Reunion of entire crew. Dr. Groesbeck Walsh, Employees Hospital, Fairfield, Ala.

U. S. S. Zeelandia—Annual reunion of crew. Leonard W. Wittman, 1906 E. Main, Rochester, N. Y.

NATL. ASSOC. VETS. AEF SIBERIA—4th annual convention-reunion. Anton Horn, nat'l. comdr., 10711 Ave. G, Chicago, Ill.

OUTFIT reunions and activities at times and places other than the Legion National Convention, follow:

SOC. OF 3D DIV.—22d annual nat'l. reunion. Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C., July 10-12. Bill Shomaker, secy., 3811 25th Pl., N. E., Washington, D. C. For copy of *The Watch* on

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the Rhine, write Harry Cedar, 4320 Old Dominion Dr., Arlington, Va. For information about Third Division Medal, write Geo. F. Dobbs, secy., 9 Colby St., Belmont, Mass.

4TH DIV. ASSOC.—Vets in Detroit area interested in organizing Michigan Chapter, 4th Div. Assoc., write Ben Pollack, 100 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

SOC. OF 5TH DIV.—Annual natl. reunion, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 30-Sept. 1. Alfred T. Otto, secy.-treas., 4000 Welland Av., Los Angeles, Calif.

5TH DIV.—For copy of *Fifth Div. History*, five dollars, write Wm. Barton Bruce, natl. historian, 48 Ayrault St., Providence, R. I.

26TH (YD) DIV.—Annual reunion, Manchester, N. H., June 5-8. John W. Dunlap, pres., 72 Elm St., Manchester.

31ST (DIXIE) DIV.—Reunion, Springfield, Ill., in Aug., with Illinois Legion Dept. Convention. Walter A. Anderson, secy., 4913 N. Hermitage Av., Chicago, Ill.

31ST (DIXIE) DIV. ASSOC.—For details of annual reunion in Macon, Ga., write to H. M. Watson, secy.-treas., 514 Orange St., Macon.

32D DIV. VET. ASSOC.—Annual convention-reunion, Jackson, Mich., Aug. 30-31. Chas. Alexander, conv. chmn., 108 N. Forbes St., Jackson, Mich.

41ST DIV. ASSOC.—Is there an active association of 41st Div. vets or of 162d Inf. vets? Write Chas. V. Stevens, 4715 Washburn Av., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

RAINBOW DIV. VETS.—23d annual natl. convention-reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., July 12-14. Arthur E. Slattery, chmn., 107 McLaren St., Red Bank, N. J.

78TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual spring reunion, Capitol Hotel, 50th St. & 8th Av., New York City, Sat. Apr. 19. For reservations, write Raymond W. Taylor, gen. secy., Box 482, Closter, N. J.

4TH INF. ASSOC.—Vets interested in receiving brief history and partial company roster, write Sam Kornbluth, pres., 506 W. 213th St., New York City.

OHIO RAINBOW DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Lancaster, Ohio, June 13-14. Jack Henry, secy.-treas., 131 N. Main St., Marysville, Ohio.

308TH INF.—Annual reunion and dinner, Hotel Governor Clinton, 7th Av. & 31st St., New York City, Sat., Feb. 8. David Milbauer, chmn., 28 E. 39th St., New York City.

314TH INF. VETS.—Memorial services, 314th Memorial Cabin, Valley Forge, Pa., May 30, 2 p.m. Raymond V. Nicholson, memorial chmn., 1612 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa. 23d annual regt. reunion, Lewistown, Pa., in Sept. Geo. E. Hentschel, secy., 1845 Champlost Av., Philadelphia, Pa.

HO. CO., 108TH INF. (CO. F, 74TH INF.)—Annual reunion of The Old Outfit, Fox Head Inn, Niagara Falls, Ont., Nov. 8. Lawrence L. Varley, 733 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.

54TH PIONEER INF.—Minnesota Chap. reunion, St. Paul, Aug., during Legion Dept. Conv. H. W. Teichroew, 1738 Hewitt Av., St. Paul. For membership in Pa. Chap., write James J. Russell, pres., 771 N. 27th St., Philadelphia. Proposed reunion, New York Chap. Write Wm. J. R. Ginn, secy., 85 Jane St., Hartsdale, N. Y.

56TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Tyrone, Pa., Aug. 3. Jonas R. Smith, secy., 4911 N. Mervine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

59TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—6th annual reunion, Trenton, N. J., Sept. 27-28. Howard D. Jester, secy., 1917 Washington St., Wilmington, Del.

CO. D 326TH M. G. BN. ASSOC.—Vets not on roster, report to Walter M. Wood, secy., Drawer 29, Portsmouth, Ohio, for details of 1941 reunion in Cincinnati.

55TH ART. VETS. ASSOC.—For roster and information of 1941 reunion, write Joseph A. Murray, natl. pres., U. D. C., 43 Leon St., Boston, Mass.

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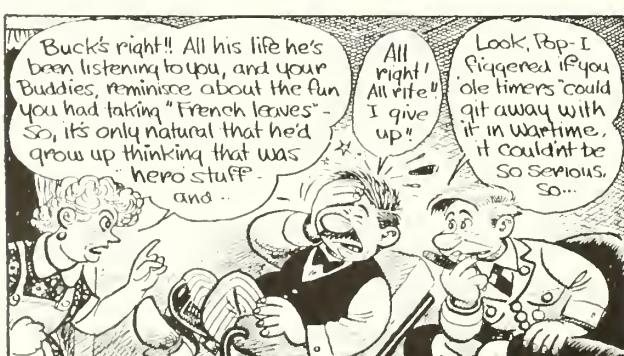
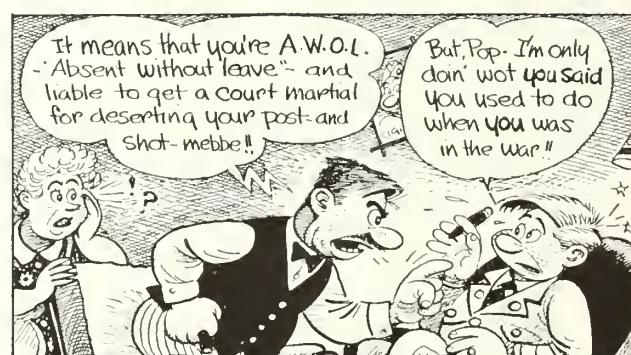
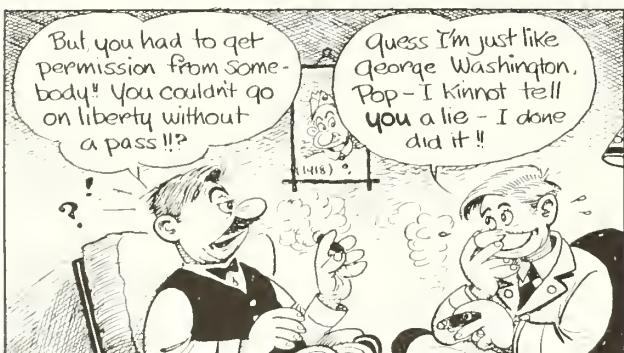
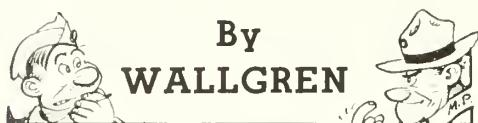
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By

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JANUARY

1941



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